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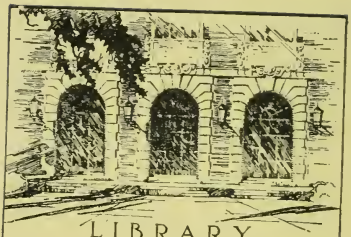

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A

SUMMER

AT

BRIGHTON.

A Modern Novel,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

London:

Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, Soho,

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1807.

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A

SUMMER AT BRIGHTON.

CHAP. I.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.

WHEN they arrived at the Priory, Remnant told them that Mr. Selby had called: Sybella's face and neck discovered that the information was not indifferent to her; the blush deepened beneath the scrutinizing eyes of Lord Orient, which she perceived were fixed

rather sternly on her: his look filled her heart with the apprehension that he would decline Selby's visits, and forbid her speaking to him; she could not support the idea with fortitude, but hastening to her own room, indulged the tears which seemed to press heavily on her heart. Amelia followed her immediately, and said:

"My beloved Sybella, do not let what Lord Orient mentioned concerning the Marquis make you so very unhappy; my Howard will be soon in England, and we shall then be freed from the guardianship of this arbitrary brother; in the mean time, conceal, if possible, your love for Selby, as I know the fear of your marrying, and being in

a station

a station which he would deem a disgrace to the family, renders him the more anxious to catch at any great offer, without considering that we have been taught never to give our hands if our hearts could not go with them. You know my dear father's lessons on that subject; obey *them*, my sister, and not the dictates of an ambitious brother. Think no more of the Marquis till he comes; and then if you continue to dislike him, refuse him if he seriously makes proposals, with a polite firmness that cannot be misunderstood."

"I mean to do so: have him I will not, although by my refusal, I disoblige Lord Orient for ever. What are riches or a title to me, unless they can render me happy?

I despise them!—Oh! Amelia, what a Paradise would Woodbine Cottage be to me with my Selby! he makes every other man appear ugly and insignificant to me; how trifling is their conversation: I am sure you must have found it so."

"Certainly; because I, like you, am so prejudiced in favour of one man, that I behold others to a great disadvantage. But ought you, my dear Sybella, to be as partial to Selby as I am to Howard?"

"I *ought* not, perhaps; but I cannot help being partial to him: and I confess that I prefer his friendship, his society, as we have hitherto enjoyed it in undisturbed tranquillity, to being the wife of a Prince,

a Prince, and sharing all the splendour and amusements which royalty would afford me."

"May your sincere affection be rewarded! If Selby loves you, this proposal of the Marquis will impel him to declare it."

"Oh! no, it will prevent him; if his fortune is but small, he will think it ungenerous, perhaps presumptuous, to address me, when fortune and title are offered to me, for he knows not how humble are my wishes."

"He must be, what you will not allow him, a fool, if he cannot give a shrewd guess at their lowliness, for

you have been extremely artless, indeed frequently too unguarded in expressing your partiality for an elegant cottage to the elegant owner of one."

"Surely, Amelia, I never——"

"No, my sister, you never said, directly, that you should like to live in Woodbine Cottage; but if Lord Belton or Sir John Vandash had been the possessor of it, half what you have said to Mr. Selby would have been so interpreted."

"Yes, if I had said less than half what I have to the modest Selby, their vanity would have interpreted every word in their own favour; but with such

such men my conversation would have been at all times very different from what it is with the sensible Selby. I wonder if he knows the character of the Marquis. I hope we shall see him to-morrow, and that Lady Orient will continue to be general in her conversation, or at least not engross the whole of his."

"I think she is more likely to play off her attractions against the Marquis when he comes, and professes an attachment to you."

"I wish she may, and with success."

"Recollect, Sybella, that she is your brother's wife, and retract your very

imprudent wish; what would Lord Orient think if he heard you so ardently wish Orinda to be successful in the coquetry which you know makes him uneasy?"

"I did not consider when I formed the wish how fatal it might be to my brother's honour; I thought only of being freed from the importunities of the Marquis, and consequently his, for I know he will torment me about this very great match, as he stiles it. How happy you are, Amelia; he cannot torment you with—'You must not love this man, and you ought to marry that man whether you can love him or not.' I hate such ambitious commands, and will not obey them. However, I shall take

take some pains to disguise my feelings, lest my brother should behave coolly to Selby: you shall see how cheerful I will be at dinner."

Sybella was true to her word, and Lord Orient flattered himself that the idea of being a Marchioness inspired her with more than usual gaiety; but now he had higher views for her, which he hoped would be still more pleasing to her.

An uncle of Lord Belton's, who had gone to Lisbon for his health, was dead; and his dukedom of Elfinwood, with great estates, devolved on his brother's son Lord Belton, who was presented to Amelia and Sybella, in his new title, by

Lord Orient, and sincerely congratulated by them on his acquisition. Lady Orient seemed to be particularly elated, and paid his *Grace* far more attention than she had ever paid his *Lordship;* nor would she hear of his leaving Beacon Priory, although he said business of consequence demanded his presence in London and at Elfinwood Castle. She told him that she knew his steward could manage all the business, and that in a month they would all go together and pay a visit to Elfinwood, which she longed to see; and she exerted all her most engaging arts to carry this point, which at last she obtained, apparently against the inclination of Lord Orient, who by no means wished her to visit his Grace of Elfinwood, and resolved to prevent

prevent it, if possible, without absolutely contradicting her self-willed ladyship: he ardently wished now to make up a match between Sybella and the Duke of Elfinwood, and had not the least doubt of her being rejoiced in the change; of his Grace he was not quite so sure.

The next morning brought Mr. Selby to pay his compliments to the inhabitants of Beacon Priory. Lord Orient behaved to him in his usual friendly manner, which gave great pleasure to Sybella. Lady Orient was haughty and reserved to him, but addressed her dear Duke (for so she called his Grace of Elfinwood) every minute about some trifle or other. In consequence of her ladyship's altered behaviour, Selby made

a short visit, and declined Lord Orient's warm invitation to dinner, but accepted that of taking a ride with him.

Sybella wished to inquire after little Osborne, and to say that Amelia and she would be at Fairy Farm early the next morning, but she had no opportunity of speaking to Mr. Selby unobserved; she wished also that Lord Orient would ask her and Mrs. Howard to ride with them; but in that too she was disappointed.

During their ride, Lord Orient informed Mr. Selby that Miss Woodland had her choice of a Marquis and a Duke, both rich, young, and handsome; and declared, that if she was such an idiot

as

as to refuse them, she should do penance for her folly in Glenfinlas Castle. Selby expostulated with his Lordship against coersive measures in a point where her future happiness was concerned, and sensibly conjured him to permit her to judge for herself; but Lord Orient was inexorable, and Selby ceased to contend, lest he should be suspected of self-interested motives, and give unpardonable offence to the brother of Sybella, which would totally exclude him from Beacon Priory.

Restless and uneasy, Sybella had wandered farther than usual when by herself beyond the plantations; she beheld her brother and Selby coming down the hill,

hill. She concealed herself among some shrubs, and saw them part. Selby's way lay near her leafy covert; the temptation to speak with him uninterruptedly was too strong to be resisted; she quitted the covert, and walked on; he beheld her, leaped from his horse, and expressed his delight at meeting with her so unexpectedly, with a warmth which both pleased and surprised her: he immediately told her what he had heard from her brother, and seriously congratulated her on the brilliant prospects offered to her choice. She said:

"My choice is fixed; and you will not, I think, allow that it affords a very brilliant prospect."

" On what, amiable Miss Woodland, have you resolved?"

" That if my brother will not suffer me to dwell peaceably in Beacon Priory, to take refuge in Glenfinlas Castle with Lady Diana Benmere, who surely will not blame me for living like herself in single blessedness."

" Dear Sybella, do not let me suppose that a single life is your choice! Do not render me completely wretched!"

" Mr. Selby!—what do you mean?—what am I to understand?"

" That I love you!—But have not my looks long told you what my heart had

had the presumption to hope? I have enough for happiness, if not for splendour; yet, unless you will condescend to share my little fortune, I will immediately quit England, perhaps never to return to it again. My family is respectable, my honor unblemished! that and the purity of my affection, emboldens me to sue where titled men have failed; and have I not heard Sybella say, that she preferred a cottage and tranquillity to the more splendid and bustling scenes of life?"

"Ah! I fear you have heard her say too much, Mr. Selby. I am too sincere to retract a word which you have heard me say in favour of a cottage and content; and I must own that I did not enjoy

enjoy the gay scenes at Brighton half so much as I have the happy hours we have shared in the dear Priory; nor did I, in the brilliant circle, find one whom I thought equalled my friend Selby. I have returned with unchanged sentiments; indeed they are strengthened in your favor, for chance led my brother and I to Fielding's cottage, where you were deemed the guardian angel of domestic felicity. What can strengthen the affection like good actions? How I revered the liberal man who had rendered a whole worthy family happy! but when I heard that you was that liberal man, oh, how my heart exulted in my friend!"

She gave her hand to Selby; he pressed

pressed it ardently to his lips, and said anxiously:

"May I hope to call this dear hand mine?"

"Unreasonable man! ask no more questions. Amelia and I mean to visit Osborne to-morrow before breakfast. Adieu for the present. Heavens! how far I have wandered! My sister, whom I left writing, was to meet me at an appointed spot in the plantation, and will think I am lost. You have led me so much astray, that I shall not be able to find my way back."

"Do you think I shall let you return alone?"

They

They soon met Mrs. Howard, who saw by Sybella's expressive looks that Mr. Selby had been more explicit than usual; and as he immediately took his leave, she was not long in expectation, for Sybella eagerly related the particulars of their conversation. Amelia said:

"And what will you do, Sybella? My brother will not consent, I fear; his expectations for you are so exalted."

"I will wait patiently until I am of age, and then he cannot control me. Now, certain of Selby's love, I can be happy; for, thank Heaven, I am in a free country, and cannot be obliged to marry against my consent, nor do I wish to accept even of Selby against my brother's,

brother's, if it be possible to obtain it: I shall hear to-morrow what Selby suggests; lose him I will not, nor will I now go to Scotland. I must endeavour to keep my brother in a good humour, and I think Belton's acquisitions may help me to do so, as he will, preferring the Duke, be even pleased at my refusing the Marquis; and I am sure the Duke will not plague me with his addresses, because I am a single woman."

"My dear Sybella, I hope a short time will render us more independent of Lord Orient. Since you have been walking, I was removing some papers and parchments from the wide drawer in my father's cabinet into a narrow one, to make room for my larger drawings,

ings, when out fell a small key from one of the parchments, of a very peculiar construction ; it opened not one visible lock, and I immediately began to search for an invisible one ; and upon taking out all the drawers, I perceived that one was considerably shorter than the rest ; and behind a sliding pannel I found a lock, which the key immediately opened, and in that concealed drawer lies a large packet addressed to Doctor Barton, a purse of old coins, and a considerable number of bank notes."

" And have you informed my brother ?"

" Not yet ; nor do I mean to do so except in the presence of the good Doctor,

Doctor, who you know is gone a foreign tour with a noble patient, and will not return for some weeks; and the packet is too consequential to us (for I imagine it to be my father's will) to be trusted on the sea; therefore we must endure this trial of our patience with the pleasing hope that our dear father did not die without doing justice to his beloved girls."

"Oh! I shall wait very patiently; for if it is the will, and my father has left me equal to what he promised you, it can make no alteration in my sentiments. Selby, who would take me without a fortune, shall have me with one; and all I beg for the present is, that he may be made a confident in this

this affair, as a reward for his disinterestedness; we can certainly trust to his discretion."

"I am sure we can, and I shall be glad to have his advice. Sybella, if you have a fortune, I will readily consent to your marriage with Selby, as that, added to his, will afford you all the comforts to which you have been accustomed; and I must own that I have not seen a man so worthy of you."

"Dear Amelia, how happy you make me! I am certain that my father has not left me under the guardianship of Lord Orient. Colonel Howard, or Doctor Barton will be the only persons

deputed

deputed by Sir Osborne to protect his little Sybella. I shall be in such spirits——"

"Dear Sybella, remember that we are strangers to the contents of the packet; do not be too much elated for fear of a disappointment."

"If I am not disappointed of my Selby's love, I can support every other misfortune."

His love has so raised me, I now tread on air;
He was sure sent from Heaven to lighten my care!

Sweetly warbled the animated Sybella, just as she entered the garden, and was over-

overheard by Sir John Vandash, who exclaimed:

"Oh, happy Marquis! miserable discarded Vandash! Upon my soul, I have half a mind to try my chance at a tilting bout with him; the survivor to win the lady. What say you, lovely Miss Woodland, will you marry me if I have the honour of killing the most noble Marquis of Bettall?"

"No, truly, will I not; nor him, if he has the honor of killing you; so you may as well keep the peace. Yet, if my brother were to revive the old fashion of tilts and tournaments, perhaps I might give my hand as a reward to the

bravest knight; that is, to him who could the longest sustain the weight of the armour; for, Heaven help you poor weak mortals of the present day, you would all fall down dead beneath the armour, and not require the aid of arms to kill you."

"Faith, I believe you say true; we are not the rude robust creatures which our ancestors were; Nature has made us more delicate, both in mind and body, to render us more pleasing to the ladies; and I assure you we are perfectly satisfied with ourselves."

"I can make no doubt of that; you are in general so perfectly satisfied with your

your persons, that you seldom take the trouble to study the graces, or to cultivate your minds."

" Are you not rather too severe, Mrs. Howard, on modern men of fashion ?"

" Not in the least ; I speak from observation."

" I hope you, Miss Woodland, have formed a more favorable opinion of us ; are we fools and ungraceful beings ?"

" We cannot judge fairly, we can only speak according to the judgment we have formed of sense and gracefulness ; we, bred in an old Priory, have very old fashioned notions, and may

be so *outré* as to deem the most admired lounger in the purlieus of St. James's an awkward fellow; and the most brilliant wit among the circles of fashion an insipid trifler; now that you know is our ignorance; when we live in the world, perhaps we may grow wiser, and see things in a different light."

"Upon my soul, I have not gained much by appealing to you. I trust the Marchioness of Bettall will dash at once into fashionable life, and become a convert to modern manners."

"Perhaps she may; we cannot stay now to argue the point, as we have scarcely time to dress by dinner."

CHAP. II.

FAIRY FARM, AND AN ACCIDENT.

AMELIA and Sybella, the morning being fine, instead of taking their walk on the sands, bent their steps toward Fairy Farm, and had not walked far before they met Mr. Selby, who soon renewed in the presence of Mrs. Howard the subject which seemed solely to occupy his heart.

Sybella told him of the packet Amelia

had found, and that she wished to know the contents before she gave him a decisive answer, any farther than to assure him that the larger her fortune, the more willingly would she give him her hand. He replied eagerly:

"And should you have none, the more willingly shall I be to accept the precious gift! Dear Sybella, will you not believe me, when I say that I possess enough to make us happy, without any addition on your side?"

"I do believe you; for indeed I wish not for state. I can feed the poultry, manage the dairy, attend the flowers, and render myself very useful. Judith took a pleasure in teaching us how to make

make pickles, preserves, various sorts of wine, puddings, pies, and a hundred pretty little niceties for the table; for she said, ladies ought to know how things were to be made, that they might be able to correct their servants' errors from judgment. Then, when my morning occupations were finished, I would paint and make ornaments to embellish my cottage; and from dinner, I would devote my time to conversation, reading, music, walking, and dancing, if we could make a party.

* "Still shall each kind returning season,
"Sufficient for our wishes give;
"For we will live a life of reason,
"And that's the only life to live."

* Gilbert Cooper, Esq.

Selby rapturously recited the following verse from the same poem.

" Through youth and age in love excelling,
" We'll hand in hand together tread;
" Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
" And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed!"

Sybella, blushing, turned from his ardent gaze, and said:

" We shall see my brother's smiling babe presently; it seems an age since I saw poor little Osborne."

Mrs. Howard made some remarks on Cooper's Letters concerning taste, and kept up the conversation to relieve Sybella's embarrassment at having quoted inad-

inadvertantly a verse from that poem, which, though beautiful, she thought herself guilty of an impropriety in doing just at that moment, and feared Mr. Selby would think her too forward; but he had no such idea; he had before heard her recite various parts of that charming ballad, and then adored her for selecting with such quickness and delicacy, words so applicable to the domestic arrangement she had planned.

Judith was rejoiced to see her dear young ladies, and shewed them, not without exultation, how finely her nursery grew under her care. Amelia took Osborne to a pleasant bower in the garden, and Selby followed her, to entreat her to be his friend, and prevail on

Sybella not to delay his happiness. Amelia said :

" I cannot approve of any clandestine step being taken to promote it, which a very short period most probably will render unnecessary, and I rely upon your honor that you will not endeavour to prevail on Sybella to consent to a secret marriage; let your good sense and the perfect knowledge which you have constantly evinced of female rectitude, check the ardency of your love for the present, place a confidence in Sybella's love, and assure me that I may place a confidence in you, Mr. Selby, and I will believe you implicitly."

" By this respected hand I swear never

to

to take any step in this affair, so consequential to my felicity, without consulting you : confide in my honor."

"I will ; you have made me perfectly easy."

While Amelia and Selby were conversing in the garden, Sybella was assisting Judith to prepare breakfast, and when it was ready she went to the bower, and invited them to partake it with her. Their walk had created an appetite, and they made a comfortable repast.

Mr. Selby accompanied the ladies on their way home, and they requested him to call as usual at the Priory, while Lord

Orient received him kindly, unmindful of any change in her Ladyship, whose temper varied like the wind. He promised to do so, and took his leave at a little distance from the Priory, and they walked round to the sands, where they found Sir John Vandash, who told them he had been taking a fine ride that morning, and had made discoveries, but would not tell what they were. The sisters immediately thought of Jessy's grave, and supposed he had heard her story and little Osborne's, and not choosing to enter into any discourse upon the subject, appeared inattentive to what he said, and began to talk of the ensuing masquerade.

Sir John had got up earlier than usual

usual that morning, with the intention of bathing, and beheld the two ladies set out for their walk; curiosity impelled him to find out where they were going; and he immediately ordered his horse, and took a road sufficiently distant for him to observe them without being noticed himself. He saw Mr. Selby meet them; and when they entered Fairy Farm, he asked a peasant lad to whom it belonged, who told him the name, and said it belonged to a grand little baby, who was found one night in the great Beacon Priory, and brought to be nursed at the Farm. This appeared a strange story, as a foundling had never been mentioned at the Priory, therefore he concluded that there must be

be some mystery concerning this child not proper to be divulged.

While he was forming several conjectures, he saw, through a slight opening in the hedge, Mrs. Howard with the baby in her arms, and Mr. Selby caressing it; he saw them enter the bower, which he was opposite; and from catching a few words now and then, had, as he thought, proofs of Selby's being the *cher ami* of the apparently prudish Amelia; but when he saw him kiss her hand, and heard him tell her to confide in his honor, Sir John remounted his horse and rode back, convinced in his own mind, that the child was Mrs. Howard's by Selby; their parting

parting with him before they arrived at the Priory, their going to walk on the sands after walking so far, and their confusion when he mentioned having made a discovery, all conspired to confirm his suspicion, for which he apparently had very just grounds, for certainly appearances were against them, perfectly innocent as they were in reality.

With this tale of scandal he hoped to recover Lady Orient's favor, which he seemed totally to have lost, since his friend and rival became a Duke. To have an opportunity of speaking to her Ladyship apart from his Grace was not to be expected, as they were inseparable, therefore he resolved to let him into the secret, rather than not disclose it to

Lady

Lady Orient, who heard it with a delight actually bordering on ecstacy; and glad would she have been, had Sybella afforded her equal pleasure, so heartily did she hate the amiable sisters of her Lord.

She enjoined the Duke of Elfinwood and Vandash not to reveal the secret to Lord Orient, or to hint in the slightest manner to Sybella or Amelia that they were in possession of it.

"For," she added, "I will avenge myself on that detestable prude, who always seemed to be reproving me by her demure looks and conduct, at a proper opportunity, when this prudent, virtuous wife shall be exposed in her true

true colours ; and Selby, the nonpareil, who could so rudely reprimand me when I found him out to be the Apollo ; do you not remember, my dear Duke? Oh ! I will avenge myself most gloriously on them both ! for I abhor people who pretend to be better than all the rest of the world ; they generally prove at last that it is only to conceal their guiltiness. Yes, *modest* Mrs. Howard, you shall be known for what you are, when you little expect it. Dear Vandash, how highly your curiosity has obliged me !"

" Yes, yes, one lovely woman is always rejoiced to hear of the faults of another."

" And

" And we, Vandash, may have reason to rejoice also ; you understand me?"

" But I do not ; tell me what you mean, my dear Duke ?"

" That when men are acquainted with an intrigue, which, if divulged, would ruin the character of a woman who wishes to preserve the semblance of virtue ; why you know, Lady Orient, it is prudent for her to purchase their silence on their own terms, rather than be exposed."

" So then I suppose you two will be making your bargains with Mrs. Howard."

" For

"For myself," replied the Duke, "that will depend upon circumstances, and the kindness of those whom I like better; I can never lose my time in supplicating a scornful beauty, or in sighing for one who proves fickle; I make my bow to the one, and laugh at the other: a woman may make me a lover, but, by Heaven, she shall never make me her fool."

"Ah, my dear Duke, do not brag, lest I try my power."

"Try it, by all means, you will soon see the effect."

"You are a strange being, and Vandash is another; you will bestow no time

time to win a lady, and he no trouble. You should indulge our whims; a woman devoid of caprice is an insipid being, and not worthy the love of any sensible man; who can prefer milk and water to champaigne? I am in a humour to take my revenge on your Grace at chess; will you venture?"

"Yes, and care not although you should check-mate me."

"Oh, I hate such an indifferent player. Come, Vandash, I will attack you, who take time to deliberate; it is more glory to beat you."

The Duke was actually vexed; he had not the least idea of her choosing Vandash

dash in such a hurry; but seeing Mrs. Howard and Sybella in the garden, said gaily:

"Well, while you and Vandash are dreaming over chess, I will enjoy the fragrant breezes with your lovely sisters, who are walking in the parterre. I wish you success, Lady Orient."

He immediately quitted the room, and her Ladyship could not conceal her vexation; she wished to walk, but did not choose to follow the Duke of Elfinwood, nor did she choose to take a different way; she sat down to chess in a very ill humour, played high, and lost three games running, chiefly from inattention;

tention; she swept the chess-men off the board in a violent rage, and told Vandash that he had talked to her on purpose to put her out, when she was contemplating a good move. He said with considerable hauteur:

"I understand the game perfectly, and scorn to take advantage of the inferiority of my adversaries, be they male or female. Miss Woodland plays with great judgment; she says Mr. Selby taught her, and she does him honor; she is also blessed with such a good temper, that she neither exults over her adversary if she wins, nor throws herself into a passion if she loses. I am sorry to see you so agitated, Lady Orient; you

you did not attend to your moves in the least, therefore I will not take what we played for."

"Pray do not talk nonsense, Vandash; do you think I mind the paltry sum? I know that I lost by my inattention, and am provoked at my folly."

"Adieu! I hate to see a lady out of temper; it destroys all her beauty for the time. What a pity even for a moment to lose the captivating charms which you possess when adorned with the dimpled smiles of good humour. I must leave you positively until they return, for I cannot endure those petrifying

fying frowns; I feel my heart chilling into marble already."

He left the room, and she saw him join her sisters and the Duke in the garden; she was piqued almost to madness. At length the advice of her mother was recalled to her mind, and she endeavoured to compose herself, and succeeded almost instantaneously; she took out of her cabinet notes to the amount of what she had lost to Vandash, and, re-adorned with all the charms of smiling beauty, joined the party in the garden, paid her debt of honor in the most graceful manner; then taking the Duke's arm, drew him by degrees from Amelia, with whom he had been walking,

ing, and in childish playfulness ran with him down a grassy slope, and into a wilderness, where they were presently lost to the view of the rest who remained on the terrace.

Lord Orient, who had taken a solitary ride to Fairy Farm, called also at Woodbine Cottage, and brought Mr. Selby home with him to dinner; his Lordship had heard from Judith, that his sisters and Selby had breakfasted at the Farm, which did not surprise him in the least, for he knew his sisters would not mention their visit before Lady Orient, and he had not seen them without her. He talked of it to Selby, and said, if he had not been lazy, he would

have made one among them. Selby thought that his company was not wished for, as the subject of their conversation must have been postponed, and to himself that would have occasioned a severe mortification.

When Amelia and Sybella came down to dinner, they were agreeably surprised to see Mr. Selby in the saloon. Lord Orient asked for Orinda and the Duke of Elfinwood, and was informed that neither of them had been home to dress; the dinner bell was rang again, yet they appeared not; Mrs. Howard mentioned their going into the wilderness, and Mr. Selby immediately said:

"They

"They have got into the labyrinth, perhaps, and cannot find their way out."

"Most likely, for Lady Orient is very partial to the charming bower we call Rosamond's, to which it leads; and I am sure neither she nor the Duke knows the clue."

"Will you seek them there, Syb, and bring them out, though they deserve to stay and starve there, for being so foolish as to go without a guide?"

Sybella flew away immediately toward the labyrinth; but before she was out of sight of the window, the gentlemen who were standing at it saw her start

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and beckon to them, apparently terrified.

"What the devil can have happened?" exclaimed Lord Orient, running to her, followed by Amelia, Selby, and Vandash.

Sybella said:

"Oh! brother, I heard Lady Orient scream! come this way. Hark! she screams again!"

She flew on toward the sound, and when she came to a river, which flowed partly round the labyrinth, she stopped and exclaimed:

"Help!

"Help! help! instantly!—the Duke is in the river! I see him lying on the sand! Alas! I fear he is dead!"

"My God! where is Orinda? Has she too fallen in the river?"

"Oh! no! here am I in this horrible labyrinth; for Heaven's sake, somebody come and fetch me out! Is the Duke dead?"

"No, my love, no; be calm; Syb will fetch you immediately; do not be alarmed."

Mr. Selby, without a moment's hesitation, threw off his coat, and plunged into the river, and Sybella stood in silent

and motionless terror on the brink, totally insensible of Lord Orient's request, that she would fetch Orinda. Amelia said:

"I will go to her, brother; but if the Duke is dead, she had better stay there until his body is conveyed to his chamber."

"You are right, Emily; if he is alive, I will call and tell you so; if I am silent, detain her there until I come to you."

Amelia went to Lady Orient, and Vandash assisted Selby to lift the Duke out of the river, and lay him upon the grass;

grass; he was apparently lifeless. Selby said:

"He was entangled in a broken branch, by which, no doubt, he was descending, and in his fall struck his head against the root of the tree, which grows out into the river; the contusion does not appear to be violent; and if we immediately bathe it with brandy, and bind it up, he will soon recover, as I hope he is only stunned by the blow. I will run myself for the brandy, while you, Lord Orient, and you, Sir John, rub his hands and temples."

Selby returned expeditiously with what he went for, with several of the servants, to help to bear the Duke to his

chamber. When his head was bathed he gave some signs of life, and disgorged the water he had swallowed, after which he groaned as if in great pain, and soon recovered his senses and his speech. Lord Orient announced his existence to the ladies in the labyrinth; but before they could come round, his Grace was carried to his apartment, and every necessary care taken of him; and Lord Orient sent for Doctor Barton's assistant, although Mr. Selby did not think any thing more than quiet was requisite to promote a speedy recovery.

When Lady Orient beheld Mrs. Howard, she eagerly inquired after the Duke, and appeared very much alarmed when not answered directly that he was safe; but

but Amelia could not say that, as he was not taken out when she entered the labyrinth, against which Lady Orient exclaimed vehemently, and declared that she would have it completely demolished, and an easier way made to the delightful bower which she adored. Amelia said:

"The labyrinth is easy whenever you know the clue, and you may amuse yourself by perplexing your visitors as we have done. I will shew it to you now that you may never be in the like predicament: observe the heliotropes; they must guide you; follow their lead, and they will conduct you to and from the bower; if you lose them, you are lost yourself; therefore, if not perfectly

acquainted with the shrub, notice the simple flower, the thick rough leaf, and particularly the scent which, as in this spot, (it flowers nearly all the year,) will guide you even when you cannot see it."

"You must shew me another time; I cannot attend now. Listen! some one speaks to us! it is Orient. He says, the Duke of Elfinwood lives!—thank Heaven! He had wandered round and round, backward and forward, all in vain, when he determined to get over: he got up without much difficulty on this side by the tree, which treacherously broke on the other, and I heard him fall into the river; I called to him, but he did not answer; I was agonized; I thought

thought he was dead, and that I must stay here and starve to death. Oh! how I screamed! Have you dined?"

"No, certainly, we waited for you and the Duke. Now observe, as we go on, the guiding heliotropes, and you will remember them another time."

When they came out of the labyrinth they saw nothing but the broken branch; the Duke was carried in: Lord Orient and Sybella met them. Her Ladyship said, that it would be but hospitable for her to visit the Duke, but Lord Orient told her that he must be kept perfectly tranquil to prevent a fever, and she was forced to content herself with sending Madame Mentense, her *femme de chambre*,

to inquire of his valet, who was stationed in the dressing room.

The gentleman, who attended Doctor Barton's patients in his absence, came directly; and on examining the Duke's hurt, said it was merely a contusion of the flesh, which would be soon perfectly well; and that all the danger to be apprehended was a fever, from a cold caught by being in the river. He advised the Duke not to leave his bed at any rate until the next day, as rest and warmth would be his best restoratives, and to let his diet be simple; he promised to adhere to the advice; and Lady Orient, who paid him a visit, ordered the housekeeper to make every thing proper for an invalid, and to act the

the part of a careful nurse to him; she also gave a thousand charges to his valet, about being careful and attentive in the night.

Mr. Selby was supplied from Lord Orient's wardrobe, and was not in the least apprehensive of taking cold. Lady Orient felt herself so much disordered by the accident, that she retired very early, but visited the invalid before she went to her chamber, and sat nearly a quarter of an hour by his bed side, as he was awake.

Sybella felt very anxious lest Mr. Selby should feel the ill effects of being so long before he changed his clothes: Amelia was uneasy at Lady Orient's conduct

conduct with the Duke: Lord Orient was not jealous, but he was apprehensive that Orinda's fright should injure her health. Sir John Vandash and Mr. Selby endeavoured to enliven their spirits, but with little success.

CHAP. III.

THE MARQUIS ARRIVES.

THE next day Sybella had the happiness of seeing her Selby in perfect health, when he came to inquire after the Duke of Elfinwood, who found himself sufficiently recovered to leave his room and dine with the family; and as it was thought necessary to keep the bandage on his head a day longer, Lady Orient had tied a blue silk handkerchief of her own very smartly over it. She did not make

make her appearance until the dinner was on table, having been rather indisposed in the morning.

The Duke returned his thanks to Mr. Selby in a very grateful manner. Lord Orient said:

"Your Grace has doubly cause to be grateful to Mr. Selby, for he first suggested searching for you in the labyrinth, which luckily led us that way just in time to preserve your life: faith, it was a fortunate thought for you, Elfinwood!"

"Pray, Vandash, does not his Grace look very handsome in his blue bandeau? I am sure I have put it on very becomingly;

ingly; were you to appear so in public, my dear Duke, bruised heads would become the reigning fashion. You shall wear a Turkish dress at the masquerade, and I will make your turban quite captivating."

"Thank you; so then I need not care whether my head is well or not, if you will render me a captivating Solyman. You ought to recompense me; you first enticed me to an enchanted bower, and forgot the magic spell by which alone we could get out again; you then complained of being so very hungry, that you should faint for want of food. Alas! I had no wings; and being unfortunately heavier than a sparrow, although I had ascended with agility,

agility, when I attempted to perch upon a bough, snap it went, and down we plumped both together into the river, where I nearly suffered drowning, and the loss of my brains, by my zeal to serve your ladyship."

" Ah! poor Elfinwood, you have no brains to lose, or you would not have attempted to descend over the river."

" My fair reprover, I was going to avoid doing that when the bough broke, so do not be ungrateful to a brave fellow who endangered his life to obtain food for you; I could have done no more, had you conveyed me to the summit of Mont Blanc."

" But

"But if you throw all the blame upon me, and make such a bragging about your own courage, you cancel all obligation."

The Marquis of Bettall was announced, and entered, exclaiming with fashionable ease:

"My dear Lady Orient, will you admit me to a seat at your table in this trim? I thought I should have arrived in time to dress by dinner. You keep early hours here. Well, faith, I am glad, for I am as hungry as a hound after a long chace."

"Poor Marquis! Well, sit down, I will indulge you."

"What

"What the devil! Belton! I beg your pardon, Elfinwood. But pray inform me, if this blue cap is a new order which you have obtained with your Dukedom: you look cursed quizzical!"

"Do eat your dinner, Bettall, and ask no questions now; your curiosity shall be satisfied by-and-bye," replied Lady Orient.

"Mrs. Howard, I hear that you are to be presented to their Majesties at Weymouth as a Viscountess; and it will be your own fault, angelic Miss Woodland, if you are not presented at the same time as a Marchioness."

"Do

" Do not leave me out, I beg, in the exaltations you are announcing; am I not to be a Duchess?"

" Lord Orient must answer that question; I cannot, as it depends solely on him. Ah! surely I cannot be mistaken—have you not been at Naples?"

" I have," replied Selby.

" And you bravely defended an Englishman who was attacked by four bravos, who had wounded, and would have despatched him, but for your spirited interference; and you hospitably had him carried into your villa, and treated like a brother."

" The

"The bravos attacked you close to my garden door, near which I was walking; I heard you call for help, and must have been a brute not to have acted as I did: you were then Lord George Gayville; and I believe rather too great a favorite among the beauties of Naples to escape the hired stilettos of your jealous rivals. Your wounds were fortunate, they certainly preserved your life by keeping you for some weeks in bed; for the assassins, if they fail one time, generally take care to succeed another; and if well paid, are constantly upon the watch for an opportunity. It is extremely dangerous to be a man of gallantry in Italy (I mean for a foreigner), the natives are so revengeful. You wisely left Naples when you was sufficiently

ciently recovered to bear the journey."

"Yet, on my honor, it was with regret that I left your delightful villa and your agreeable society. It was hinted in Italy that you were an English nobleman, who chose to travel incognito."

"We are not always to believe surmises. Here in England you find me plain Mr. Selby, with this difference only, that instead of residing in a villa, I dwell in a cottage, something indeed after the Italian fashion in appearance, but perfectly rustic as to my mode of living; take a ride over to Woodbine Cottage to-morrow morning with Lord Orient,

Orient, and you shall see how I live here in England."

" Mr. Selby, you have never invited me nor Vandash; we ought to be offended."

" And I too, for Mr. Selby never invited me; positively, Selby, you shall give us all a breakfast to-morrow in honor of the Duke's preservation."

" With pleasure, Lady Orient. All present will honour my Cottage, I hope, to a rustic breakfast to-morrow at twelve."

" That is rather a rustic hour, to be sure."

" Choose

" Choose your own hour; it will be the same to me. Will one or two be more agreeable to your Ladyship?"

" No, I think not; twelve will do very well; I will not indulge laziness. Can your Grace be ready so soon without fatiguing yourself?"

" At twelve? yes, yes, I can be up by that hour, and will attend your Ladyship. I hope you have not got a labyrinth in your garden, Mr. Selby?"

" If I had, your Grace should not be compelled to enter it."

" Yes, faith, I should; if a lady asked me, I could not in honor refuse. Now,

Marquis, I will tell you the secret of the blue kerchief; shall I, Lady Orient?"

"With all my heart; I have no objection."

The Duke gave a very laughable account of what he called the adventures of the labyrinth. The Marquis said rather sarcastically:

"You must take care the scandalous chronicles do not get hold of this story, or you will have it published under the title of 'Love in a Maze,' and represented as a serious business for the Commons."

"Yes,"

"Yes," said Lady Orient laughing "and then the papers would immediately announce, that the moment the bill was signed for my divorce with Lord Orient, my marriage would be solemnized with the Duke of Elfinwood; for, give them the least shadow, they will presently create a substance to it according to their own fancy."

"You should not have given a hint for such paragraphs, Orinda; you are too careless in your conduct, I believe on purpose to be paragraphed; is it not so, Orinda? confess honestly."

"To be sure; what woman of spirit would live in the world without being

talked of and paragraphed; it is the delight of one's life from our first appearance; we were here, and we were there, and our dress is described; and then comes—'We hear a treaty of marriage is on the tapis between Lady Somebody and Lord Anybody.' Oh! it is charming to find oneself so conspicuous in the world, and horrid to let oneself grow insignificant after one is married; we ought always to keep up a certain notoriety; so let all the Mr. *Snakes* dash away as much as they like about me, I shall not be angry, nor you neither, I am sure, my dear Duke, although they were to cut a few jokes at your expense: we are proof against newspaper wit."

"But,

" But, perhaps, I should not like to have my wife paragraphed in the manner you were hinting at."

" Why truly, my Lord, you must dislike it: I cannot answer for your whims, nor do I care about them: you may go to law with the editors, and call them libellous if you please; and fine, and imprison the poor people, if you think they deserve such punishment. I hope they will give me a whole column for a particular account of my masquerade; they spoke very handsomely of my public breakfast."

" They will do by your masquerade as they did by Lady Revel's; they wrote the account prematurely, and

made the following egregious blunders: they said Colonel Firebrand appeared as a very spirited harlequin, who greatly added to the mirth of the evening, when he had been killed in a duel the morning previous to it; that Lady Fanny Wilful was there as a demure vestal, when she had eloped to Scotland with Tom Tandem the ensign; and they made Lord Frederic Careless dance a hornpipe in the character of a sailor, although he had broken his leg that day by a fall from his horse."

"You have forgotten one, Bettall; they said Mrs. Blandford was there in the character of Miss Prue, and was a most excellent romp, though she had not been out of her house for a fortnight, and

and the next evening was brought to bed of twins; so had she been there, she would have looked rather too matronly for a romping girl; and no doubt would have appeared as a merry little punchinello instead of Miss Prue."

"So she would, Duke, for she has too much sense to have appeared there so out of character. Marquis, I shall take my coffee soon, so do not sit long over the bottle, for I mean to shew you Rosamond's Bower, and lose you in the labyrinth as I did the Duke."

"I lay a thousand to a hundred that I find my way out in less than an hour."

" Was you ever in it?"

" Never, upon my soul! This is the first time of my being at the Priory."

" You have been told the clue, perhaps?"

" No, upon my honor."

" And you mean to come out fairly?"

" Do you think I will come into the river head foremost as you did? How you question me, Elfinwood."

" I have reason; I know your tricks, Bettall; yet I will take up the wager this

this time, a thousand to a hundred, that you do not find your way out of the labyrinth without a guide."

"We are witnesses," said Lord Orient.

As the Duke was an invalid, and the Marquis wished to dress, they did not remain long at the table, and soon joined the ladies. The Duke proposed that Lady Orient, Miss Woodland, and Vandash, should go with the Marquis to Rosamond's Bower, and that Mrs. Howard, Lord Orient, Mr. Selby, and himself should watch for his coming out fairly.

The Marquis made some slight obser-

vations as he trod the mazy paths; and after he had taken sufficient time to admire the beautiful bower, he stood awhile considering which aromatic path he should take, chose one, and notwithstanding the innumerable breaks and windings, arrived at the entrance, where he found the party waiting for him. The Duke, both amazed and provoked, said:

"By my soul, Marquis, you cannot have done this fairly. Miss Woodland has told you the clue, or you could not have found your way out, particularly so soon."

"Upon my honor, Miss Woodland has not given me the slightest hint concerning

cerning the clue, nor has any one; yet I own that I could not have found it without a means; and if you can discover that means, I will relinquish the wager. Can I say fairer than that?"

"Is it possible to discover it except through yourself?"

"Yes, by studying a great work which I could mention, that has afforded materials for wise and honorable authors to increase their fame and fortune."

"You must tell me the name of the great work before I can study it."

"The Tales of the Fairies, by the renowned Mother Goose, which I read

with attention when a boy, and have studied since, to see what I could dramatize; and I have laid a wager to make a drama of Puss in Boots, that shall equal, if not exceed, the famous Blue Beard; and I have laid a second wager, to play Puss in Boots myself for a few nights."

"Well, but Marquis, what has Puss in Boots to do with your coming out of the labyrinth?"

"Why nothing at all, faith, Duke; but Mother Goose has."

"Burn her for an old witch, she has made me lose my wager; for, curse me, if I can guess how you got out."

"With

" With the aid of little Thumb, who told me to strew something as I went along, and so trace my way back again ; blessings on Mother Goose for making this her little hero so clever !"

" The devil's in your tricks ! we can never be aware of them. And what did you strew in the way without being noticed ?"

" Oats : I went to look at my horses, filled my pocket, in which I had previously ripped a small hole, which I pinned up until I got into the labyrinth ; the oats then fell out gradually, while I kept up the attention of the ladies and Vandash, by many queer observations, that

that they might not perceive the fall of my oats; I arrived at the Bower without detection, and returned soon, lest the sparrows should devour my clue. Now, Duke, I have made an honest confession, the fairest way will be to disannul the wager: are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, and greatly diverted: now I will go first, and if the birds have spared them find my way by your oats."

Enough remained to guide the Duke, whom the rest followed; and when they arrived at the Bower, his Grace laughed at those in whom he had placed a con-

a confidence, for suffering the Marquis to outwit them so completely. Lady Orient said that he kept so behind them to make his observations on the way they took, which she thought very natural, that it was impossible to see any thing fall from his pocket.

Her Ladyship proposed music when they re-entered the Priory, which was extremely agreeable to Sybella and Selby; but the Duke complaining of a slight head-ach, was apprehensive that the sound of the instruments might make it worse, and entreated to be indulged with a whist party. Lady Orient and the Marquis played against Mrs. Howard and the Duke; and at the other

table, Lord Orient and Sybella against Sir John and Mr. Selby.

They broke up rather early, as the Duke was still considered as an invalid. Selby, when he took his leave, reminded Lady Orient of her engagement for the next morning, and she assured him that she would be ready to join the party by one.

Sybella was very well pleased to find the Marquis a very fashionable, easy lover, who having declared his mind to the brother, and received a promise from him, thought himself sure of the sister, without studying fine speeches. He conversed with the freedom of a good-

good-natured brother, not the least like a lover, except when he so abruptly mentioned her being presented as a Marchioness; neither by a word nor a look could she have supposed him her acknowledged admirer.

CHAP. IV.

A COTTAGE REPAST.

THE Marquis joined Amelia and Sybella as they were taking their walk on the sands, and said:

"I am extremely happy to have the pleasure of meeting you, ladies, as I wish to converse with you on an affair of great consequence to me. I require the aid of ladies, who in brilliancy of fancy

fancy and an exquisite taste always far exceed the men ; a poetical genius also would be of infinite service to me, for I want my Puss to captivate the whole world."

" Your Puss, Marquis ?"

" Yes, angelic Miss Woodland, my Puss in Boots, that I mentioned to you yesterday."

" I did not hear you say any thing about Puss in Boots, although you talked about Mother Goose."

" It was in my presence, not Sybella's, that you mentioned your drama."

" Aye,

" Aye, indeed, so it was ; I recollect now."

The Marquis then told Sybella all the particulars concerning his drama, and promised to read her the first act, that she might be acquainted with his plan, and know how to assist him. Sybella replied :

" I am quite a stranger to dramatic rules."

" Oh ! there are no rules for after-pieces ; they solely depend upon bustle, show, magic, and music : now I mean to introduce giants, dwarfs, genii, fairies, every supernatural being to correspond with the supernatural cat : then

then I mean to have royal personages, knights, tilts, tournaments, and processions, such as were never represented before. And, now I think of it, pray what sort of a cat shall I be?"

"A cat! *you*, Marquis?"

"Yes, to be sure. I am an excellent Harlequin, Punch, Pierot, or any such droll character; and I mean at least to set them the example how Puss in Boots ought to be sustained: you know Puss is the best character in the piece, and may be made a capital part, and keep the house in a roar of applause: you shall see what *I* can do with it; I have been studying all the tricks of a cat for

some

some time past; I will put on my skin, and rehearse to you: but if you do not like me in that skin, I will have another made."

"You need not take that trouble, Marquis, for I shall like you just as well in one skin as in another; and you may rehearse at our masquerade; it will afford you an excellent opportunity of practising your tricks."

"Faith, so it will. Now, if you would be a she cat, to be my companion, we could have high fun with the rest.—

"We'd spit and swear,
"Scratch and tear."

"That

" That is part of a song I made; the whole is appropriate."

" Doubtless; and a chorus of cats, I suppose?"

" Ah! no!—that is an improvement; I will make a note of it; thank you for the hint: that will have a fine effect, upon my soul."

" As to appearing myself as a cat at the masquerade, that is impossible, because I am resolved never to relinquish my petticoats; and you know a cat in petticoats would be a strange figure. But in your drama, if you were to blend the story of the White Cat with Puss in Boots, it might make an excellent under plot,

plot, by both proving great personages under the influence of enchantment."

"Charming Miss Woodland, how you delight me! nothing can be more interesting: I have it all in my head. Oh! the lovely White Cat! Then I will be a fine black cat.... no, the audience will not distinguish my boots; I will be yellow and white, as I intended at first, to be conspicuous at a distance. I will have a regiment of cats, and a grand march composed on purpose for them. I will have a dance too; the White Cat and I will dance the Pas-Ruse, and sing duets. I intend to have a great fuss made about it in the papers previous to its coming out; and in the bills, the title of the play only scarcely visible above Puss in Boots,

Boots, which shall take up more room than the Forty Thieves. I would venture to lay any sum that my Puss will run the whole season; and the first edition be completely sold off within twelve hours after it is published."

"And how many caricatures will there be of the most noble Puss in Boots?"

"Oh! faith, I care not how many are stuck up for the amusement of the gazers; they have caricatured me in all my fashions, and now I will give them a new one."

"Consult Mr. Selby; he has an elegant taste, is perfectly acquainted with

the foreign theatres, and may furnish you with some new ideas for your machinery."

"True; so he may; that is a good thought. That man was universally beloved and admired in Naples; he was never mentioned without some fine appellation, such as the amiable, brave, generous, sensible, or handsome Englishman. Pray, ladies, do we not have a breakfast before we go? your sharp sea breezes have given me an appetite."

"Come then, we will take pity on you, and go into the house; there is my brother coming to fetch us: I suppose he and Sir John Vandash are ready for their breakfast."

"Yes,

" Yes, they often think Amelia and I take too long a walk in the morning; when they are not early enough to go with us, we generally find them impatient, and my brother absolutely cross, like a hungry child, because I was not at home to make his breakfast the moment he appeared. Lady Orient generally takes her coffee in her dressing room."

The conversation which passed between the gentlemen was not very entertaining to the ladies; hunters, racers, and carriage horses were the chief subjects of their discourse; and the Marquis proved himself to be as learned in the pedigree of all the noted

racers, as he was in Mother Goose's Tales.

Amelia and Sybella were rejoiced to be liberated from the breakfast room; but much more so, when they were informed that Lady Orient was ready to set out for Woodbine Cottage, where they hoped to enjoy some rational conversation.

When they arrived at the Cottage, Lady Orient could not help exclaiming:

"Oh, what a charming place!"

From the garden gate to the house an

an awning of white canvas was arched over small pillars wreathed with natural flowers, the canvas was also bordered with flowers; between the pillars were superb exotics in pots; and the path was thickly strewn with rose leaves, which, added to the woodbine then in full bloom, that covered the front of the Cottage, exhaled the most delicious fragrance. On either hand of the neat free-stone hall was a parlour decorated with beautiful paintings and stages of flowers; in these apartments were tables spread with various delicacies; and, as before, simplicity and elegance were blended in the repast; but an opposite door being open, Lady Orient had observed something like a cavern in a rock at the termination of the walk, of

which she wished to have a nearer view, and said to Mr. Selby:

"This place is a perfect Paradise; if there had been a cottage in the garden of Eden, it could not have exceeded this; but surely at the end of the back garden I beheld a rock of gems; lead me to it, for positively my curiosity must be satisfied before I can touch any of these delicious things. Now, Marquis, I see you are thinking of Blue Beard; but I am sure if I do satisfy my *Female Curiosity*, that glittering rock, whatever it be, will not turn into a horrid blue chamber; will it, Mr. Selby?"

"Into nothing but a rustic bath, scarcely worth looking at in itself; for its

its beautiful exterior, I am indebted to the taste of Miss Woodland."

"How can that be, when this is the first time I ever heard of it."

"True; yet the design is yours, as you will soon perceive."

When they came nearer, they saw it was a wide arched way over a river, the arch completely covered down to the water with the most beautiful ice plants in full flower; behind this arched way arose an artificial rock, composed of rare materials selected from sea and land, and thrown together with exquisite taste; on the summit of this rock, which was

not elevated any considerable height above the arch, stood a fine statue of Diana; over the door, that seemed to lead across the river to the interior of the rock, was inscribed, " Sacred to Diana;" and on the door, in letters of gold, was the following sonnet:

" TO THE ICE PLANT.

" What are you, Vegetable Wonder? say!
Who clad in frozen mail the Dog-star meet;
Whose icy gems defy the noon-tide ray;
Who freeze beneath Apollo's sultry heat?
In the pure essence of old Hymen's store
My seeds were steep'd for Dian chaste and cold,
Who planted them, as antient records tell,
Upon the day that bold Acteon fell.
My glittering stems her sacred bath enfold;
Lest impious eyes her beauties should explore;

My

My ruby-tinged leaves and silver flowers,
Protect her springs and decorate her bowers;
In crystal wrapp'd, I shield her from alarms,
And splendidly reflect her brother's charms.

"SYBELLA."

"Sybella!" exclaimed the Marquis; "so you are a poetess, my dear Miss Woodland, and can write songs for my Puss in Boots! Well, faith, that is extremely fortunate, is it not, Lady Orient, that we can go hand in hand, like Beaumont and Fletcher, to the Temple of Fame!"

"They were well acquainted with the road, and supported each other with strength and spirit."

 "And

"And so should we, my angel!"

"Believe me, Marquis, were you and I to go hand in hand, I should descend with such velocity to the shades of oblivion, that I should drag poor puss and you along with me."

"Curse me, if that is not a droll conceit of yours, Miss Woodland. I flatter myself that it requires more strength than you or any woman can boast, to pull me or my puss to oblivion."

"I meant by no superior strength, I assure you, but by my incapability of supporting the poetical department."

"Any nonsense will do for the poetry;

poetry; good music will make any trash pass. I have not been nice about my songs; but I have made them droll, damned droll: when sung with true humour, I shall be encored, I know I shall."

"That is a common case; I will lay anything that you, Marquis, are encored three if not four times in the same song," said Lord Orient.

"Very likely, faith."

Sybella detested the Marquis for disturbing the most delightful sensations she had ever felt. To have such a public and elegant compliment paid by Selby to the trifling effort of her fancy,

on viewing a beautiful ice-plant : surprise, joy, and gratitude glowed in her bosom the moment she beheld the bath ; and the delicate secrecy he had observed concerning it seemed, if possible, to render Selby doubly dear to her, and of course the frivolous Marquis doubly disgusting.

When Mr. Selby opened the door they crossed by the side of a well-constructed bath into a hermitage, beneath the artificial rock, which they found to be a convenient dressing room, though furnished with the simplicity of an anchoret's cell ; the roof of that and the arch were formed of moss and common shells. The plain appearance of the interior was a fine contrast to the brilliant

liant exterior, and admired by every body.

Mr. Selby invited his guests to sit down on the moss-covered sofas, which surrounded the Hermitage; and presently sandwich trays were brought in with various refreshments by a rustic and a fine blooming boy. Sybella asked if that boy was not Robert Fielding. Mr. Selby answered in the affirmative, and every one who had been at the cottage of his parents, seemed anxious to make the fortune of Robert; but the boy said:

"Bless your honors, my father and mother be rich enough, and so be I since we knowed Mr. Selby; so I will, with

with your Honor's leave, give one half to Sue, who keeps her old mother, and the other half to Ralph, whose wife is in bed of twin boys. May I, your honors, give it to the poor lame mother and the helpless little fellows?"

"That you may, my generous boy, and we will double the sum; aye, treble it for the lame mother and the twins. Who are Sue and Ralph, for whom you are so interested?" said Lord Orient, giving him more money.

Robert replied:

"My good fellow servants here in Woodbine Cottage; and my kind master makes them rich and happy as he does

does every body; yet I thought all this money, that I have no use for, may buy hats for the little boys, and a new pair of spectacles for Dame Jones, who broke hers yesterday, and she said, 'Ah! this is a sad misfortune, for I cannot work with my needle, nor read in my Bible; I can only sit at the door and spin.' I hope your Honor is not angry with me for talking so much."

"Angry! no, my good-natured lad, I am pleased with you, and so I am sure is your master."

"I am indeed: Robert has given many instances similar to this of a compassionate and liberal mind; he owes much

much to his good parents; they have taught him the purest lessons of nature and religion, and I hope that he will never forget them."

"I never can, Sir, because you encourage me to practise them here."

"With excellent parents and an excellent master, you certainly will be a good, and consequently a happy man, if you continue to observe their instructions; and, as far as you are able, to follow their example," said Mrs. Howard, with an addition to her first gift.

Lady Orient looked significantly at the Duke of Elfinwood and Sir John Vandash, and then said:

"How

"How easy it is to give good advice, but how few can follow it; we have more hypocrites than good people in the world; do not you think so, Mrs. Howard?"

"I hope not; we ought to believe every one to be as good as they appear to be, until we have very flagrant proofs to the contrary: yet it seems to be the error of human nature to seek for faults with more avidity than for virtues in their fellow-creatures; and it always appears to me as if those searchers after errors were only anxious to have companions in folly or guilt, according to their own propensities."

"So we are to be afraid of finding fault.

fault, lest we should be suspected of the same error, according to your opinion."

"Have you got a Mother Goose, little boy?" asked the Marquis of Robert, as he was taking some fruit.

"Yes, Sir, there are two here and one at father's."

"Then you are well acquainted with the tales no doubt?"

"The *tails!* I do not understand your Honor; I am acquainted with the Mother Goose at-home and the two here, and they with me, because I feed them sometimes."

"Read

"Read them, you mean little block-head; have you studied Puss in Boots?"

"Read geese?.... and study a cat in boots!.... Your Honor is pleased to make game of me, because you find me as simple as a goose, and as awkward as a puss in boots, which is a saying, like a cat in pattens, I suppose, for awkwardness."

"By Jove, that is a good hint! My White Cat shall appear in pattens just in one scene, to match my Puss in Boots. Little boy, there is a guinea for your bright thought of the pattens! by my soul, you are as clever as Tom Thumb. Boots and pattens!—faith, they may give occasion for a duet, which will become

become as popular a favorite as Tink-a-tink. It shall begin thus :

PUSS IN BOOTS.

Hark ! the welcome sound I hear,
Of clink-a-clink, clink !
In her pattens comes my dear,
Clink, clink, clink-a-clink !
Lovely White Cat,
Sweet clink-a-clink !

WHITE CAT IN PATTENS.

Hark ! the welcome sound I hear,
Of stumpety, stump !
In his boots now comes my dear ;
Stump, stumpety, stump !
Dear Puss in Boots !
Sweet stump-a-stump !

" Well

" Well done, Marquis! you have hit off that cat-duet admirably."

" Have I not? I tell you, Duke, that mine is the best tale; it gives scope for genuine humor. Why, now, is it possible for a man with a blue beard, a girl in glass slippers, or a Sleeping Beauty, to be so extremely laughable as a Puss in Boots, even without the happy addition of the Cat in Pattens?"

" Oh! even the Forty Thieves are to be overcome by your cats, like so many mice. Suppose you were to introduce by way of novelty, the battle of the Frogs and Mice, and bring in your cats to end the contention."

" The

" The happiest thought in the world, my dear Duke, it shall be done! Children, frogs, and mice in front, represented in paste-board behind; that must be the way:—this scene may be rendered spirited and loyal by speeches, songs, and illuminations. Huzza! it will do! it will do!"

" If you mean to add every thing that you hear named to your drama, it will certainly be longer than any piece ever represented; you will be obliged to divide it into three or four parts, as Shakspeare did some of his historical plays."

" Faith, Vandash, I would rather do that than lose a good idea."

" With

" With Mr. Selby's leave, I should like to go back to the house, and look at those pretty rooms which I had scarcely a glimpse of; and now I have satisfied my curiosity, I can take time to look at some fine paintings which I saw in them."

They returned immediately into the garden; and after admiring the beauty of various plants and flowers, and the taste displayed in their arrangement, the party re-entered the house, where they found many productions of art and nature worthy their admiration. The paintings were all originals by the first artists of our own and other countries, antient and modern. The Marquis recollected the having seen many of those admirable

admirable pictures at Mr. Selby' svilla at Naples ; and Lord Orient remarked, that they must have been selected at an enormous expense, according to what they asked him for pictures when he was abroad. Mr. Selby said that was no rule, as young Englishmen of fashion, who travelled in stile, were very frequently imposed upon ; but that the plain manner in which he visited foreign countries, and his knowledge of the art, had secured him from imposition.

Lady Orient requested Mr. Selby to ride back with them and dine at the Priory ; he complied with her request, and they returned by a delightful road, which commanded several superb views, and they unanimously expressed the pleasure

pleasure they had enjoyed at Woodbine Cottage, which was very gratifying to their elegant entertainer, as he was anxious, on Sybella's account, to be on friendly terms with Lord and Lady Orient.

CHAP. V.

A FAIRY TALE.

After dinner, a servant informed Lord Orient that two picture frames were brought from Chichester. Sybella said—

"They are what we ordered for our designs from the Fairy Tales; we must see them, Amelia; bring them in, and I will fetch the pictures they are for."

"They

"They will be seen to a great disadvantage, so immediately after Mr. Selby's fine collection; indeed, Sybella, you had better not exhibit them now."

"Were they not finished under Mr. Selby's inspection? why need we fear to shew them, Amelia?"

"Are they designs from Puss in Boots?" asked the Marquis, eagerly.

Mr. Selby answered:

"No, Marquis, they are taken from a manuscript which I found last summer, on the Esplanade at Weymouth, as I was walking there one evening."

"Pray let us hear it before we see the pictures, that we may be acquainted with the subjects."

"You are right, Orinda;—get the manuscript, Syb, and Selby will read it to us: can you guess the author?"

"No, my Lord, it is in a woman's hand, and the signature, simply 'Gosemora.' Mrs. Howard and Miss Woodland have honored it highly, by taking subjects from it, which they have executed with great taste and expression; the author would be proud to see them."

Sybella returned with a paper, which she gave to Mr. Selby, and he read as follows:

OBERON.

A FAIRY TALE.

While yet the sweet blossoms were gemm'd by the dew;
King Oberon mounted his emerald car,
Which drawn by a Phœnix so rapidly flew,
It appear'd to the world like a bright falling ſtar.

" My Phœnix," he said, " near yon palace deſcend,
The Omnipotent Fairy Fatella reigns there;
Beneath that dark cypress my coming attend,
From its boughs I must pluck the ſad wreath of despair."

All anxious and trembling, his ſoul fill'd with dread,
The Fairy King walked to the bright palace gate;
His footsteps were falt'ring, declin'd was his head
When he enter'd the hall, where the Queen ſat in ſtate.

Between pillars of jet blazed her dazzling throne,
With jewels adorn'd from Golconda's rich mine,
But her circlet of stars more resplendently shone,
And more bright glow the wreaths that her robes intertwine.

Her form was majestic, her look was severe,
Yet, " Welcome !" she said, " to my dear Fairy King;
Ah ! why does my Oberon so gloomy appear,
Who once was as gay as the flowery spring ?"

" Ah ! yes, I was gay till thy cruel decree
Compell'd me the cold Island Princess to wed,
Tho' lovely her form, she had no heart for me,
And far from our couch Love and Happiness fled.

" Yet know, that Titania, so cold in my arms,
Avoids me to choose out a Love from the herd,
To the foulest of beings devotes all her charms,
The *foulest* of *beings* to *me* is preferr'd ! *

" Is

* This alludes to Titania's love for a clown with the head of an Ass, after her quarrel with Oberon about a mortal boy, whom she protects.
Shakspeare's " Midsummer Night's Dream."

" Is this a fit partner for Oberon's throne ?
Shall Titania be Queen, who has no heart for me ?
Must I in my kingdom live sad, and alone ?
In pity, Fatella, erase thy decree !

" On this day, great Fairy, *this day* was I born ;
And thou, I have heard, at my birth did'st preside,
The treasures thou gav'st me, my soul might adorn,
If not chill'd and suppress'd by a cold joyless bride.

" Omnipotent Fairy ! who knowest my heart ;
Oh ! do not my ardent petition disdain !
Now, *now* let Titania and Oberon part,
Nor doom me for ever to curse my sad chain !

" My mind fondly clings to a kindred mind,
I cannot the natural impulse control ;
Thou gavest me taste and affections refin'd,
And kindled the pure flame of love in my soul.

" As lonely I wander'd the regions around,
With Variety's charms to divert my sad woes,
In balmy Felicia's fair sovereign I found
A soul that gives lustre to Beauty's bright rose.

" Her beauty, how peerless! all beauty outvies!
Round fair Amabella, what brilliant charms beam!
Joy, love, sensibility, dwell in her eyes!
And short, bless'd with her, would Eternity seem.

" Voice, converse, looks, features, form, all are divine!
When she sings, aërial spirits improve from the strain;
They hear her, and love with a passion like mine;
But my love is accepted and they love in vain.

" Say, do not thy pages our union foretell?
Fatella! oh! did'st thou not form her for me?
Oh! *yes*, thou wilt give me the fair Amabell,
For without her accursed will Oberon be!

" She

" She loves me! how sweet is my Amabell's smile!
She loves me! what ecstacy thrills thro' my heart!
Repulsive to me is the Queen of the Isle;
Oh! let cold Titania and Oberon part!

" Amabella is all that my fond soul desires!
Immortality, empire, I would resign,
To feel the true bliss mutual ardour inspires;
To live but a week, and call Amabell mine!"

" Arraign not, King Oberon, Heaven's decree!
Nor mortals nor Fairies despotic can reign;
Higher powers make evils with blessings agree,
And draw lasting pleasure from transient pain.

" I presided at Amabell's birth and at thine;
I inspir'd both hearts with love, ardent and pure;
Yet compell'd by imperious mandate divine,
Between hearts so gifted a black line I drew.

" Behold the black line, and the sentence behold,
And read, Fairy King, read the magical spell:
' Unless Oberon marries Titania the cold,
' He will ne'er enjoy bliss and the fair Amabell.'

" To-day will the spell, and thy bondage be o'er;
Already the magic has lost all its force;
I breathe on the page—the charm binds no more,
And Oberon thus from Titania divorce.

" Now, in letters of gold, read this sentence divine,
' To balmy Felicia, King Oberon go,
' Claim thy beautiful Queen, Amabella is thine,
' And with love, mutual love your fond bosoms
' will glow.' "

Enraptured, and grateful the monarch withdrew,
The blossoming myrtle he wreath'd round his hair,
And swift as his wishes the bright Phœnix flew,
'Till they came to the bower of Amabell fair.

She

She gazed at the myrtle with joy and surprise ;
He clasp'd her all radiant with charms to his heart !
Love glowed on her cheeks, rapture beam'd in his eyes,
They meet—oh ! what ecstacy ! never to part !"

" GOSEMORA."

" This, Amabella, is the Fairy Queen whom Shakspeare calls Mab. Now, Syb, let us see the pictures."

" This Fairy Tale will be very interesting in my drama; I must contrive to introduce it."

" O ! by all means ; and I think Mr. Selby's bath, complete as it is in his garden, will make a beautiful scene."

 " I mean

" I mean it, Elfinwood, I mean to have that for a certainty; here are the pictures; this will make a capital scene! the superb hall, the splended throne, and the majestic Fatella pointing with her hand to the magic book. Poor Oberon! what anxiety and unhappiness are expressed in his look! how light his drapery of ætherial blue, and how well the golden sandals, wand, and radiate crown announce him sovereign of the Fairies! and there, *there* in perspective is the emerald car, and the beautiful phœnix under the cypress: upon my soul! Miss Woodland, it is admirable!"

" I see you have coloured your phœnix after Voltaire's, in the Princess of

of Babylon, and faith, Syb, you could not find a handsomer bird, I believe, any where. Now for your performance, Emily."

"See, my dear Duke, Amabell's bower is actually as enchanting as Rosamond's! did you ever see so lovely a creature as Amabella?"

"Yes, in Rosamond's bower, one far more lovely."

"Oh! you flatter; what an animated, happy look Oberon has here! and how arch with the myrtle so carelessly thrown over his crown!".

And do you not admire, Orinda, the corrected,

corrected, modest joy, which beams in the captivating face of Amabella, on viewing that myrtle?"

"Yes, and I admire that delicate wreath of jasmin, which seems modestly to conceal a part of her brilliant diadem; her purple robe confined with pearls, and the primrose colour drapery is charmingly fancied."

"I took the idea of her dress from that of the Princess of Felicity, in the poem of Porsenna, King of Russia, whom I think the writer of the Fairy Tale had also, in her idea, for Amabella, Felicia and Felicity being synonimous. I have placed the phœnix in a different view."

"And

"And it is hard to say in which he looks most beautiful, yours or Syb's; upon my soul! these pictures do both great credit, girls; I am extremely pleased with them. You have no genius for painting, I believe, Orinda?"

"No, my Lord, but I have a good taste for it, and my judgment leads me invariably to admire the best pictures in all public and private collections, and I have no ambition to be an artist."

"The exertion of talents affords many hours of amusement to those who are blessed with them, far superior to any that dissipation can bestow; as to idleness, common sense is unacquainted with it; and even folly finds that it produces

produces only *ennui*: nature and art display a rich variety of entertainment to those who wish to cultivate their minds; and literary talents not only amuse the possessors, but communicate amusement to millions; and they ought at the same time to communicate instruction, even those works which are not particularly devoted to religion and morality, for many interesting and useful lessons may adorn a work of fancy and make an indelible impression on the heart of the reader."

"I hope you will have a large family of sons and daughters, Mr. Selby; for I am sure you will make a very wise papa, and instruct them to be good boys and girls. Do pray, my dear Duke,

Duke, ring for coffee; we will take it in the alcove, the evening is so extremely warm. Come, Duke, we will lead the way: no, I have altered my mind; the grotto room will be delightfully pleasant; we will take our coffee there."

CHAP. VI.

A MASQUERADE.

NOTHING particular happened at Beacon Priory before the day arrived which Lady Orient had fixed for her masquerade.

Lord Orient could not help being very uneasy at the too apparent attachment between his wife and the Duke of Elfinwood, which was doubly disagreeable, as he wished his Grace to make choice of

of Sybella, for whom he now considered him to be a good match: the Marquis, he saw plainly, made no progress in the good opinion of any of the ladies at the Priory, because he teased them for ever with his Puss in Boots, for he could neither think nor speak of any thing else; and Lord Orient thought that he was not worthy his sister, notwithstanding the title and fortune he possessed; and often did he wish that Selby was the nobleman and Bettall the cottager; for he had no objection to Selby but his want of the fortune and title which he was sure Sybella might obtain when she appeared more in the world.

Amelia was entirely freed from the

(to

(to her) unpleasing attentions of the Duke, by his devoting himself to Lady Orient; and Sybella had absolutely frightened away Vandash, by always supposing him to be addressing her for a wife; and he was actually afraid, if he continued to profess love to such a beautiful and accomplished woman, that he should become a Benedic against his inclination.

The Marquis having made what he thought such liberal proposals to a girl of no fortune, and supposing that he was sure of her, he resolved to complete, if not bring out, his darling drama before he married; and as he was convinced that neither the Duke nor the fashion-

fashionable Baronet attempted to rival him, he was perfectly easy, as he had no dread of an untitled man, for he knew Lord Orient had high expectations for Sybella, therefore he very calmly neglected the lady, and devoted all his time to Puss in Boots and the White Cat.

Mr. Selby, whose attachment for Sybella increased daily, became very impatient for the arrival of Colonel Howard or Doctor Barton; the latter he knew to be his friend, and that he would joyfully promote the match between him and Sybella.

Serjeant Remnant was, as usual upon grand occasions, very busy in preparing the

the lamps, as both the Priory and the gardens were to be splendidly illuminated.

When the inmates of Beacon Priory assembled ready to receive the expected guests, Lady Orient appeared as Venus, dressed partly after an antique gem in the possession of the Duke of Elfinwood; a close dress of white sarsnet was confined by a pointed cestus, the most beautiful that can be imagined; it was composed of gems of all the colours which could be procured, intermingled with brilliants, set close and blended promiscuously, so that she seemed encircled by a celestial blaze of prismatic light, which dazzled the eyes with varying lustre; fancy could not have

have invented anything more emblematical of sportive loves, supposed to be continually playing round the cestus of Venus: over her dress she wore a loose drapery of pale blue gauze, powdered with silver; her head was adorned with a wreath of roses and myrtle, formed with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds: her dress was extremely becoming; she never looked more lovely.

The Duke of Elfinwood represented Paris, when a shepherd on Mount Ida; the pastoral costume of his dress was preserved with elegant simplicity; and as he had a handsome face and good figure, the dress became him; the golden apple, with the inscription, 'For the most beautiful,' was hung by a ribbon

a ribbon around his neck, and partly concealed in his bosom ; he wore a chaplet of flowers, and his silver crook was also decorated with flowers.

Sir John Vandash was Comus, and sustained the character extremely well. Lord Orient was a lively-spirited Mercury. Mrs. Howard was Penelope, in a very elegant Grecian dress, as Queen of Ithaca, unravelling her work. Sybella and Mr. Selby appeared in the habit of Benedictines, and he, like the Monk of Paluzzi, kept his cowl over his face. The Marquis of Bettall had not made his appearance, but soon announced himself by scratching and mewing at the room door ; and when admitted, in the form of a fierce-looking yellow and white

white cat in boots, he began to play so many comical tricks, perfectly in character, that the Monk and Nun forgot their seriousness, and Penelope her sadness, and laughed heartily; he was delighted at exciting such risibility, and said:

"Now you see what I can do! yes, yes, I shall keep the audience in a roar; but if you are so diverted now, what will you be when my White Cat comes?"

"Who the devil have you got to be a white cat?" said the Duke.

"Lady Lureall: you know she is something in the wane of her beauty

and fashion; so she wisely thinks that having a young Marquis publicly paying his devoirs, will make her talked of again, and paragraphed, and stared at."

"And do you really mean to exhibit yourself in public as the *cher ami* of that enamelled hag?"

"Why, faith, I was forced to make a few promises, or she would not have exhibited herself as my Cat; and, upon my soul, Orient, if she plays it well, she deserves some recompense; besides, I wish her to perform that character with me on the stage, so you will certainly for some time see me extremely gallant to Lady Lureall. Miss Woodland cannot be angry, because I made her the first

first offer of being my Cat, but she refused, although I had promised to make her my Marchioness."

"Faith, that was very ungrateful of you, Syb; I do not wonder that the Marquis forsakes you for the more complaisant Dowager," said Lord Orient laughingly.

The Marquis exclaimed hastily:

"Why, zounds! you do not think I mean to marry Lureall, and break my word with Miss Woodland?"

They were interrupted by Remnant, who told Lord Orient that a man with a bear and a large cat, and a hurdy-

gurdy girl, had all got tickets, but that he would not let the beasts into the garden without his orders. He was told to admit all animals who had tickets.

Puss in Boots introduced the White Cat. The Bear was Lord Whirligig, who, in the course of the evening, threw off his skin, and became a clever Harlequin; his leader and the hurdy-gurdy girl were two of his intimate friends; they were named by Lord Orient among the beings fit only to carry the ridicule, when conversing on trifle-bearers to the ladies.

Soon after, the Duke of Boscobel came as Alexander the Great, with the Ladies Whirligig and Bloomly for his Roxana

Roxana and Statira. Mr. Congreve entered with this group; and to the regret of his friends, he had clouded his brilliant talents, by assuming the character of Sir John Falstaff; and with an intoxicated look and voice, he was continually calling out for Prince Hal and another cup of sack: Comus met him, and giving him the cup, said:

"Welcome, my true votary, welcome.

"By the gaily circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told,
How the waning night grows old."

Lady Revel came as Euphrosyne, and

joined Comus. Sir Archy Marcovet was completely habited as a Highland chieftain, and Sir Pagoda Mammon was a superb Nabob. The Orlandos were a farmer and his family, dressed to celebrate harvest home.

The Duke of Downdale thought he might venture to the Priory in a mask, notwithstanding his recent disgrace, and came in the character of Lord Ogleby, with a French ci-devant nobleman as Monsieur Canton, reading occasionally many droll paragraphs from a newspaper, in very natural broken English.

Exquisite music from the sea drew the company to the bank, and they beheld a beautiful barge drawing near the

the landing place, which corresponded with the description Shakspeare gives of Cleopatra's, and from it landed an elegant Marc Antony, handing an attractive Cleopatra, attended by her ladies and a lovely little page. This charming group was composed of the Duke of Mountplume, Mrs. Aquiline, two young ladies, daughters to Lady Whirligig, and Mrs. Aquiline's darling Orphelina, who made a lovely little page.

From another barge immediately landed the goddess Isis, with a sceptre of gold encircled by the flowering lotos; she wore a white robe bordered with gold, and confined with a zone and collar of stars, brilliants on loto's

colour; a fillet of the same fastened on her head a veil of loto's gauze, embroidered to imitate hieroglyphics, in gold, and fringed with the same. She passed Marc Antony and Cleopatra with an air of high dignity, followed by two of her Priests properly habited, and went to Mercury, to whom, as her instructor, she paid obeisance: this mask was Lady Nightshade. Lady Blackthorn came as Urganda: the Duke of Castlenorth as Merlin: the Duchess was a Witch of Glenshiel, wrapped in a dark plaid, crowned with thistles, and her black wand wreathed with broom in flower. Amelia met the Witch in a solitary walk, without knowing who wore that disguise; and felt rather surprised when the

the Witch stopped directly before her, and waving the wand, said :

" Warrior's wife, and warrior's bane,
All this mockery I disdain ;
I can hear, and I can see
Secret guilt where'er it be.
I know, false wife ! a deed I know,
Will fill the warrior's heart with woe."

" Away, thou slanderous Witch ! nor sully thus my spotless character with thy envenomed breath ! Faithful Penelope can meet her warrior at his return with the purest affection and the truest fidelity."

" Warrior's wife, and warrior's bane,
This hypocrisy is vain ;
Thy known intrigue, thy base-born son,
Will blast the laurels he has won."

The Witch turned hastily down another walk, and was in a moment concealed by the shrubs from the view of the astonished Amelia, who, when a base-born son was mentioned, actually trembled, lest some fatal misrepresentation, in regard to little Osborne, should have been injurious to her character: she knew not the Duchess of Castlenorth in the Witch of Glenshiel; and her only hope was, that Lord Orient had assumed that disguise and the Caledonian accent, and had spoken those lines in order to surprise her. But she was not long flattered by this idea: before she left that walk she met Lord Orient in his original character of Mercury; and as no one was near, she told him what the

the Witch had said, and he immediately exclaimed:

"Zounds, Emily! the confounded plague of a witch is my curious mother-in-law, who has found out the child, and will give him to one of us. Well, well, do not be uneasy, my good sister; let it pass for a while."

"What, brother, let your son pass for mine?"

"Dear Emily, the moment Howard arrives he shall be told the truth: but, believe me, were I to acknowledge the boy now, Orinda is so violent, that she would forget all that is due to my honor and her own, and elope with the

Duke of Elfinwood; for Heaven's sake, therefore, do not betray me: Elfinwood is obligated to leave us in a very short time; I shall detain Orinda here or at Weymouth, and her fickleness will still protect her honor."

They were interrupted by an excellent group from Midas-Silenus, Mysis, Daphne, and Nysa, who entered the walk, and who were immediately followed and joined by Apollo, Midas, and Pan. Lord Orient unmasked, as did the new comers. The first group were Sir Philip and Lady Jane Belcour, and their lovely daughters; the second were men of fashion in their party; and each sustained their character inimitably.

The

The little pleasure that Mrs. Howard could take in a masquerade during the absence of her beloved Henry, was totally banished by the Witch and Lord Orient. It was dreadful to vindicate her own honor at the expense of his; and yet more dreadful to suffer the least stigma to be thrown on hers in the absence of Colonel Howard. She resolved to seek her sister and Selby, and inform them of his embarrassment. She was just turning into another walk, when she beheld the Witch accost a Benedictine, and heard her address him in these words:

" Tho' the cowl thy features cover,
Thy impious heart I can discover;
Seducer of a warrior's wife,
Dissimulation marks thy life;

Round

Round and round the world I go ;
All thy secret haunts I know....
Hark ! false Monk ! thy baby cries ;
In Fairy Farm that baby lies !"

Before the Benedictine Monk had time to say a word in vindication of his character, the Witch was gone ; and as Penelope approached him, they were separated by the White Cat and Puss in Boots, followed by a crowd to one of the platforms raised for the dancers, on which the cats danced the Pas-Ruse with such comic skill that they kept up an incessant laugh, and acquitted themselves entirely to the entertainment of the spectators, and to their own satisfaction ; they then threw themselves at the feet of Merlin and Urganda, who con-

conveyed them into separate bowers, and soon introduced them, in the forms of a Prince and Princess of Persia superbly dressed, to the company, who congratulated them on their disenchantment.

Among the throng Mrs. Howard beheld a group which she had not noticed before; it was Queen Elizabeth as the Patroness of Genius, accompanied by Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Johnson, and Shakspeare. Mrs. Howard asked her brother, who was the elegant Elizabeth? he replied:

"The Princess of Franconia, who is in reality a lady of superior taste and talents

talents herself, and the ftiend and patroness of genius. The five poets are represented by first-rate geniuses of the present day; and see Falstaff with the Merry Wives of Windsor pay their obeisance to her Majesty, and, as I expected, join the group; and, faith, so will I, as the God of Wit and Eloquence, and wave my caduceus over them. Come with me, chaste Penelope."

"I am not in spirits, brother."

"Nonsense! your character, Emily, shall never suffer for my indiscretion, let what will be the consequence to myself; so I entreat you to be cheerful. My

My Venus is greatly admired, and I do not wonder but her partiality to Paris is as much noticed as her beauty."

The Nomian flute sounded so harmoniously through the air, that Pan himself could scarcely have breathed a more enchanting strain; and presently it was accompanied by a tambourine, played in the most skilful manner. All were silent and motionless, with their eyes directed to the spot from whence the sound came.

An Arcadian Shepherd and Shepherdess soon appeared on the bowling green; her dress was light, simply elegant, and gracefully modest; she wore a half black mask

mask with a curtain of lace: her dancing was a perfect combination of agility, energy, and delicacy: the harmony of her motions and the tambourine, with the Nomian flute, charmed every eye and ear. Not an attitude was lost to that old admirer of grace, beauty, and harmony, the Duke of Downdale, who, in the character of Lord Ogleby, never took his glass from his eye, and said to Canton:

"Did you ever behold such a divine creature? Who can she be, Canton?"

"Oh, me Lor! I do belief dat she be de muse Thalie; and dat de Berger d'Arcadie, be de dieu Apollon, who play

play on de seven reeds de charmante melodie he did learn from the dieu Pan."

"Fort bien, Monsieur Canton, fort bien! a pretty classical idea, upon my honor; I will make it my own when I address that celestial charmer. Your arm, Canton, your arm; I will throw myself at the feet of that divinity."

"Do, me Lor, and I vill be attentive to carry you upon your feet when you ave paid your devotion."

The little Lord tottered along, leaning on Canton's arm, until he came within sight of his goddess; he then went on by himself, but would not venture to kneel

kneel at her feet, as it was impossible for him to get up again without assistance; then approrching her with all the courtly graces time had left him, he said:

"Inimitable being! combination of perfections! have I not seen Thalia herself dancing to the heavenly strains of Apollo?"

"No, really, polite Lord Ogleby, you have seen only the poor orphan amusing herself with a dance on the green to the rural pipe, before she goes to the Highlands of Scotland; and who humbly returns your Lordship her thanks for your very elegant compliment."

Sybella then unmasked, and making him

him a graceful curtsey, immediately joined the Midas group, for the amiable Belcours had made themselves known to her.

The gallant old Peer was petrified with astonishment and vexation. The Duchess of Castlenorth had told him that Miss Woodland was in the habit of a Nun, and he had carefully avoided all the nuns, and thought himself sure of not encountering the offended sister of Lord Orient in the Arcadian Shepherdess; and not knowing but he might meet her again in some other dress, he ordered his carriage; and while it was getting ready, he visited the grotto room, the splendor of which amazed him. As the card tables were arranged

arranged along the middle, he walked round the room to examine its beautiful adornments, and said :

" We admire the superb taste of the Heir Apparent's Petronius Arbitor, which exceeds every thing we have seen before of mortal grandeur ; but this apartment seems to be the work of supernatural hands ; the very pavilion beneath the sea, which Neptune himself prepared for the reception of Amphitrite ; celestial radiance seems to beam from every part ! the paintings too are so beautiful, so appropriate ! I am perfectly enchanted with this divine place !"

When his Grace visited the festive hall,

hall, he said, that, although extremely superb, was but a banqueting hall for mortals; while the marine pavilion seemed solely formed to invite the Grecian Deities to a cool retreat. As he was going to his carriage he met the Duchess of Castlenorth, and requested her to reinstate him, if possible, in the favor of Lord Orient, as he was quite in love with Beacon Priory, and should be happy to pass some days there. Her Grace persuaded him to stay; but he absolutely refused without an invitation from the noble owner, and a certainty that he had forgiven the mistake in regard to Miss Woodland.

After the departure of the Duke of Downdale, as the Duchess of Castlenorth,

north, Lady Orient, the Duke of Elfinwood, Lady O'Connor in the character of Hibernia, and several other masks were taking refreshments in the banqueting hall, Lady O'Connor said—

"I heard a whisper, that the Duke of Abbeyland is to be recalled from his viceroyship of a neighbouring kingdom, and the Lord Orient appointed to succeed him."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Duchess; "I would as soon see my daughter transported to the deserts of Siberia, as among the wild Irish."

"Your Grace need not fear; I will amuse myself by making game of them. Arrah,

Arrah, now my dear jewel, give me a tatee: now don't I speak the brogue excellently, Lady O'Connor?"

"Yes, upon my honor, your Ladyship speaks it bravely; but between you and I, the Irish are a people who do not like to be made game of at all at all, and it is for something like that they have taken a bit of dislike to the Duke of Abbeyland; but what can he do? his handsome wife will do as she pleases, and so will her friends, and make game of the people."

"And what need the wife of a viceroy care, whether the people are pleased or not?"

"Why now suppose you, Lady Orient, of Caledonian parents, were to call the Hibernians bog-trotters, and take off the accent of their country in a ridiculous manner, what would be the consequence? why they would retaliate, and mimicking your country dialect, cry, 'Hoot awa, ye greedy rooks, to ye're ain barren hills, and cram ye're wames wi singed sheeps' heads, and bannocks of barley meal; and dinna stay here to fill ye're coffers wi a' our goud and siller, and jeer our pronunciation while ye impoverish our land. Hoot awa! ye unmannerly loons, hoot awa!' Thus, for the Hibernians are good mimicks and fond of retaliation, would your mockery be answered, Lady Orient?"

"Oh!

"Oh! then if they are so uncontrolable, I would indeed as soon go to Siberia as among them; I thought they were a good-natured, loving people, and would applaud one."

"If you are a kind friend to the people, they will be faithful friends to you, and will defend you at the hazard of their lives; but if you proudly oppress, or wantonly deride them or their country, they are too spirited to endure it tamely; and when once roused by contempt or ill usage, they frequently carry their vengeance too far; but in such a case, are not the deriders and oppressors more deserving of blame than the Hibernians, whom they have so ill treated? and now,

to speak in the character of Hibernia, I swear by the shamrock that encircles my brows, by the order of St. Patrick which graces my bosom, and by the harmony of this golden harp, to love Britannia and Caledonia as my sisters, as long they behave to me with sisterly affection, and thus combined in strict fidelity and clasped together in the protecting arms of Ocean, our potent sire, on whose paternal bosom we repose, rapacious Gallia, who to grasp kingdoms wades through human blood, cannot destroy our sacred union, nor with her sanguinary steps defile our sea-girt shores."

"Noble Hibernia!" said Sybella warmly; "may the tripple union never be

be dissolved! nor national prejudice illiberally wound the feelings of a sister nation! but peace and harmony for ever reign among thy sisters and thyself!"

"Thanks, charming Arcadian! but where is thy graceful shepherd?"

"He went to gather in his flocks; by this time he reposes in his cottage."

"And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?" said Comus, presenting his cup to her; Falstaff, who was near, caught at it, and said—

"Thy cup was filled for me; I'll quaf thy rosy wine. Hal, where art

thou, Hal? Prince, we'll have a jovial night."

Comus sung to Falstaff:

" Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsy, dance, and jolity;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine."

Antony and Cleopatra drew near while he was singing, and when he perceived the pleasure-loving Antony, and the enchantress, who held him by her potent charms in flowery chains, he addressed to them the second verse:

" Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrup'lous head;
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave sons in slumber lie.

" We

" We who are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry choir, '
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years."

Sir John Vandash never appeared to greater advantage than in this gay character, which he displayed with correctness and vivacity.

It was not until the rising sun beams eclipsed the illuminations which surrounded Beacon Priory, that the noble Antony thought of leading his Cleopatra to her splendid vessel, the crimson sails of which now cast a vivid blush upon the foaming waves, and all its ornaments of burnished gold sparkled with the radiance of reflected light. Soft music hailed their approach as they

descended the steps of the terrace; and they were attended by Lord and Lady Orient, and a train of nobility, until they were embarked, and glided over the waves while the oars beat time to the soft strains. Isis and her priests followed in a very superb barge; but Isis was not happy, because she envied Cleopatra the attention of Mark Antony.

As the company departed slowly, it was near seven before the inmates of the Priory retired to enjoy the rest that their wearied spirits required.

CHAP. VII.

WEYMOUTH.

It was extremely late before those who remained at Beacon Priory met.

The Duke and Duchess of Castlenorth, who were going to Weymouth, had desired Lord and Lady Orient to accompany them the next morning; but Lord Orient felt himself so much indisposed with a cold, caught, as he imagined, by his thin dress as Mercury,

that he declared himself unable to leave the Priory. Lady Orient however was resolved not to be disappointed, and ordered Madame Lamenteuse to prepare for the journey, which she was very ready to do, as she hated the Priory and every body in it, except her Lady and the Duke of Elfinwood, for the former gave her a profusion of dresses scarcely worn, and the latter many handsome presents to obtain her favor; for he had actually trifled himself most profoundly in love with Lady Orient, and wished to prevail on her to defy the world, and give Lord Orient a sufficient plea to obtain a divorce; in which case he was determined to make her his Duchess, and he had seen enough of Madame Lamenteuse to know that self interest

interest was her predominating principle, and that she would not scruple lending her assistance to dissolve a first marriage, if she could promise herself the least advantage from a second, therefore was likely to be a serviceable agent between him and her Lady.

After dinner Lord Orient finding himself very ill, used many reasonable arguments to prevail on Orinda not to go to Weymouth until he was able to accompany her, and asked tenderly, how she could be so unkind as to leave him when he was so ill: her careless reply was;

"If you want to be nursed, I leave you in better hands than mine; your

sisters will take more care of you than I should; and indeed, Orient, you are very selfish to think of confining me to your sick room when you would not stay with me when I was confined, but left me to take your pleasure at Brighton; now I will be even with you, and take my pleasure at Weymouth; so all your nonsensical arguments are in vain; go I *will*, therefore, teaze me no more."

"Your illness is nothing more than a cold, my Lord, and surely Orinda will be perfectly safe under the guardianship of her parents; it looks ridiculous to see a husband and wife for ever side by side like Darby and Joan. I am sure the Duke and I are very seldom seen together. Your Lordship will have

have agreeable companions in your sisters, and the mysterious cottager of whom you are all so fond: pray, Miss Woodland, was not he your Arcadian swain?"

"Yes, Madam."

"He did not unmask in that dress, and although he was frequently without his mask as the monk, he concealed his face so much with his cowl, that I could never get a glimpse of it; he was certainly afraid of being recognized by some of the company last night, or he would have unmasked, as the rest did, before he left the Priory."

"The family knew him, that was sufficient.

sufficient. Has your Grace never been in company with Mr. Selby?"

"Not to my knowledge; he was absent when I was here before; and as he has been represented as a combination of perfections, I own I am anxious to see him without a cloud."

"It may be dangerous, for I assure your Grace, that my wife and both my sisters are in love with him."

"And so you think your mother would be as easily caught by this Apollo of Belvedere. But pray how came the Marquis of Bettall to leave the Priory so abruptly?"

"That

"That is true, Syb; faith your Puss in Boots has set off with the White Cat."

"'Every cat after kind,' is an old proverb, you know, and if the Marquis proves true, Miss Woodland may pardon the Cat for being fickle."

"Why, faith, between you and I, Vandash, I believe Syb is just as much in love with Puss in Boots as she is with the Marquis himself, although Nature has made him a good-looking fellow."

"You are perfectly right, brother; I am equally partial to both. I suppose when he has finished this drama, he will be a blue bird or an orange tree."

"Or

" Or the wolf in Red Riding Hood, as he studies Mother Goose: there is one thing that I am sure he cannot be, and that is the Invisible Prince, who could glide about a lady's chamber as unnoticed as an atom."

" You are very bad, to be sure, Orient, when you can divert yourself with such childish nonsense."

" It is true, I am not bad enough yet to flatter you with hopes of being a gay young widow; but I am far from well, Orinda."

Lord Orient was by no means satisfied with the Weymouth party; he knew that Lady Orient would be unguarded

guarded in her conduct with the Duke, and that her parents were too indulgent to her follies: he dreaded the consequence of her indiscretion; yet he thought that were he to go with her, ill as he really felt himself, he should be confined to his bed on his arrival, and equally unable to watch her, as if he remained at the Priory; and if they staid longer than the three days fixed for their absence, he hoped to be recovered by that time sufficiently to join them at Weymouth.

Although he continued extremely low and feverish, the unfeeling Orinda scarcely spoke to him in the morning, but set out with heart-felt pleasure for Wey-

Weymouth. She had not been able to resist the pleasure of telling the Duchess of the discovery Vandash had made concerning Mrs. Howard and Selby: her Grace immediately got the Duke of Elfinwood to write the lines for her to speak in character; and she enjoyed the joke, as she called it, of tormenting the chaste Penelope and the virtuous cottager, with what they must think her supernatural knowledge.

When they arrived at Weymouth, they were surprised to hear the bells ringing, and to see the flags flying, as if for some extraordinary good news. They sent one of the servants to inquire, and he brought them word that the brave

brave Colonel Howard was arrived with despatches to His Majesty. Lady Orient exclaimed:

"Good Heaven! is this man and his victory to haunt me every where! I shall detest the name of Howard. My dear Duke, and you, Vandash, find out his hotel, and, if possible, let him overhear you talk of his wife and Selby as you have reason to do: I will meet him afterwards, and confirm what you have said with well-dissembled sorrow, and mention our design of sending the unprincipled sisters to Glenfinlas Castle, that they may be safe under the care of Lady Diana Benmore from farther disgrace; and I will persuade him not to see her, lest it should affect his feelings

and

and weaken his resolution. I will even make him request Orient, in a letter, to send Amelia and Sybella out of the kingdom they disgrace; and it shall not be my fault if he does not challenge Selby. Oh! how gloriously I will be avenged for all their affected prudery! I am so rejoiced that Howard is so opportunely thrown into my way! I hope you will all assist me to effect the banishment of those hypocrites."

"You want no help, you are playing a sure card, child; Howard will be rejoiced, no doubt, at the Highland scheme, until he can properly investigate an affair so consequential to his honor."

"There he is, faith! by the crowd around

around the door, at the very hotel I always frequent," said the Duke of Elfinwood; "I will bribe one of the waiters, who is a cunning dog and loves money, to put Vandash and I in a snug corner, where the conqueror can have the happiness of hearing our discourse; and, believe me, we will give him a poignant dose of hartshorn."

The Duke of Elfinwood and Sir John Vandash alighted at some distance from the hotel, and entered without any parade. The Duke told the waiter whom he had mentioned, that he wished to sketch a likeness of the hero, without being visible himself, and requested that he would put him in some place proper for the purpose. The waiter said

said that the Colonel was writing a letter, and that he could place both his Honor and his friend in the next room, and leave the door partly open without being noticed: that was the very situation they required.

They hastened to their situation, beheld the Colonel writing, and, sitting down to some cakes and ices, they began their discourse of Lord Orient's family in such an artful manner, that the Colonel, who could not avoid hearing what they said, had every reason to believe that they were very sincere friends to Lord and Lady Orient, who were lamenting some event which had caused great uneasiness to that noble couple: but what was his astonishment when

when he heard it mentioned, that it was the indiscreet conduct of his own adored Amelia with a handsome cottager, in the vicinity of Beacon Priory, which alone occasioned that uneasiness. They mentioned the prudent design of Lord Orient to send his sisters to Lady Diana Benmore, without exposing Mrs. Howard's faux-pas, in hopes it might be forgotten after she had resided for some time in Glenfinlas Castle with a lady so famed for her prudence.

The whole of their conversation appeared so plausible and friendly in regard to the Orients, and so feeling whenever Amelia or himself were mentioned, that he found it almost impossible

ble to doubt the truth of what they said; yet he was resolved not to condemn his Amelia until he obtained further assurances of her infidelity. He wished to see the speakers, but did not choose to discover himself in the agitated state of his mind; for he plainly understood by their discourse, that however innocent his wife might be in reality, appearances were against her; and that, to his delicate ideas of female honor, was nearly as disgraceful as actual guilt. He heard them say, that they must prepare to attend the levee; he was obliged to do the same, and expected to have a private conference with His Majesty, therefore thought it his duty to banish, as much as possible,

all

all private concerns from his mind, and devote it solely to the business of his king and country.

He was received and rewarded by His Majesty as a hero ought to be: the King addressed him as the Earl of Winfort, and ordered his patent for that honorable and gloriously acquired title to be presented to him. He was introduced to the Queen. He endeavoured to evince gratitude suitable to the honors conferred upon him; but, alas! those honors only increased the pangs of his heart.

As he passed through an anti-chamber, he met the Duchess of Castlenorth,

who congratulated him, and introduced Lady Orient, who was with her, as his sister, for he had never seen her since her marriage.

The Duchess then requested he would dine with them, and gave him the address to a house the Duke had taken for the season, but he politely declined the invitation; and told her Grace that he was resolved to set out immediately for Beacon Priory, lest the news of his arrival in England, arriving there before himself, should make his Amelia think him negligent.

"Never fear, my Lord; I will engage that no modern wife will care about any such

such trifle; so pray indulge us with your company to dinner, and to-morrow we will accompany you to the Priory."

He was firm in his resolution until His Majesty passed through the apartment, and seeing Lord Winfort, he told him that he wished to have some further conversation with him, and asked him to take a sail the next morning, during which, His Majesty said, he should have ample time for conversation. His Lordship was obliged to comply with the request of his Sovereign; but told Lady Orient, that as he staid at Weymouth, duty compelled him to dine with the Duke of York, who had honored him with an invitation; and added, that nothing should detain

him a minute at Weymouth after his second conference with His Majesty.

Lady Orient was surprised and disappointed: she imagined, by Lord Winfort's behaviour, that the Duke must have failed in his intended scheme, and that the husband was still unacquainted with the infidelity of his wife: but Lady Orient was a stranger to noble sentiments and pure affection.

Lord Winfort, had he been convinced of his Amelia's falsehood, could not have made it a subject of conversation, nor would have suffered any one to have addressed him on a theme so destructive to his peace. He determined, notwithstanding what he had heard, to banish

banish every idea that might arise in his bosom injurious to the amiable and delicate mind of her in whom he confided his honor, in whom he had treasured all his happiness.

The inhabitants of Weymouth were profuse in their demonstrations of joy at the safe arrival of the valiant Colonel; and the noisy congratulations of the people wearied his spirits nearly as much as the confusion of a field of battle.

In the morning he attended His Majesty, leaving orders with Will Truman to have every thing ready for his departure the moment he re-landed; and

the faithful Will being as eager to behold his bonny Jane, as his Lord was to see his Amelia, he observed those welcome orders with the strictest punctuality.

CHAP. VIII.

DISCOVERIES.

Lord Orient was much better; and as the news of Colonel Howard's arrival at Weymouth had reached Beacon Priory, all was joy and animation. Amelia's faithful heart palpitated with the transporting expectation of seeing her long absent Henry. She said to her sister:

"Oh! Sybella! dear Sybella! the delight I feel is indescribable! You have felt for my affliction; can you now

feel for your happy, happy sister? Do you not rejoice with me?"

"Most sincerely, my dear Amelia."

"My hero is returned! Sybella, I can scarcely believe my happiness! my Henry will be here presently! Oh! ecstacy!

"And shall I see his face again?
"And shall I hear him speak?"

She could go no farther; tears of joy deprived her of words.

Lord Orient and Mr. Selby came up to them, for they were in the garden: his Lordship said:

"Do

"Do you know, Emily, that you are a Countess?"

"I hope the Earl of Belgrove is not dead? My Howard loved his brother, and has made me love him."

"No, no; Colonel Howard is created an Earl, in reward for his services, by the title of Winfort; so, my dear Countess, I most sincerely cougratulate you. There is the paragraph, detached from that which announced your Lord's arrival."

"I am not vain of the title, but I glory in the means by which it is acquired."

" You have reason," said Mr. Selby; " for honors bestowed as the reward of great actions, are far more glorious than those which must descend to the eldest son, although by his folly or his bad principles, he may be a disgrace to those hereditary honors."

" It will not become me to be the herald of my Henry's new title, but I wish you, Sybella, would inform our brave Remnant, who is so truly interested for his Colonel. How warmly will the valiant old soldier bless His Majesty for thus rewarding military services."

" Come, Syb, we will go together, for I shall enjoy the veteran's rapture: I am

I am sure he will not forget the title."

They found the Serjeant, with his honest countenance expressing the joy of his heart; he was seated in his wicker chair, dressed in his best regimentals, ready to receive his Colonel. He said:

"Here I am, my dear young ladies, at the post where my honored Colonel placed me; thanks to you, my good Lord, for permitting me to maintain it. The flag is flying on the turret, the cannons are ready to fire a salute, two of the servants are waiting to discharge them, two more are out to give notice of his approach, and several are preparing for the grand illuminations."

" Well done, my brave fellow, you never neglect your duty: but my sister has more good news for you."

" How! has my Colonel obtained another victory?"

" No, Remnant; but he has obtained the title of Earl from His Majesty."

" Aye, young lady; but what is an Earldom, or even a Dukedom, or any title an earthly king can give, compared to Heaven's best gifts, to a soldier—a valiant heart, and success to his brave arm. All these rejoicings are in honor of the glorious warrior, whom Heaven has crowned with victory."

" You

" You say very true, Serjeant; the world would not care a pin about his being made an Earl; not a gun would be fired, nor a house illuminated for that alone; yet, certainly we ought to rejoice when conquerors receive noble rewards for their bravery from a liberal and grateful Sovereign."

" So we ought, my Lord; and may Heaven bless His Majesty for rewarding my Colonel! and if I did not feel thankful at first, it was because I expected to hear of another great victory, so then the title did not appear such good news to an old soldier. I hope your Lordship is not offended."

" Offended!

"Offended! no, my brave fellow; you have a noble heart, I esteem you. Should your Colonel, Lord Winfort, come immediately, he will find us in the garden: we left your lady and Mr. Selby in the bower of roses, by the gold fish-pond, where we shall join them."

Lord Orient and Sybella had not long quitted the hall before a gentle knock at the gate was answered by Remnant, who, to his great surprise, beheld the Colonel, who said softly, interrupting the Serjeant's exclamation of joy:

"Hush, Remnant! Where is my wife?"

"In

" In the bower of roses by the gold fish-pond, my Lord, with Mr. Selby."

" Who is Mr. Selby ?"

" He lives at Woodbine Cottage."

" Cottager ! Ah ! the handsome cottager."

" Yes, my Lord, he is often called so ; but you do not seem well, you are fatigued—"

" No, no, my good Remnant, I am very well."

" I am glad to hear you say so, my beloved

beloved Colonel! I will order the guns to be fired."

"Hold! Remnant, if you love me, fire no guns. I wish to surprise my Amelia; in the bower of roses, I know it well."

As with quick step and agitated mind he took a short way which led him to it, he said, mentally—

"With the cottager! gracious God! if my Amelia should be false! what, oh! what, to me, will be the honors, the glory I have won? it is impossible! how can I injure my Amelia, by the cruel idea! I am near the bower; I hear her

her voice, and a man's! my doubts will be cleared up or confirmed!—doubts! I have no doubts, she cannot be false to her Henry!"

As he approached the bower, he heard Selby say—

"You make me happy! every word you say adds to my felicity! dear Lady Winfort, permit me thus to express my gratitude."

He kissed her hand; his words, his action, confirmed, apparently, what the Colonel had overheard at the hotel; he had now no doubts, and rushing into the bower, he exclaimed—

"Oh,

" Oh, God! this is too much! false, false Amelia! villain! let go her hand!"

" Henry! my Henry!"

" Away! away!"

He pushed her from him, and Selby caught her in his arms. Lord Orient and Sybella came up to them just at the instant they heard the enraged husband say—

" Villainous seducer! I have no weapon, or I would plunge it in thy heart."

Sybella threw herself between him and Selby, exclaiming in a terrified manner:

" Howard!

"Howard! dear brother, be calm; you have been misinformed."

"What, by my own eyes and ears, Sybella? your deceitful sister! I must fly from her; I must never behold her more; I am distracted! let me go, Sybella."

"Stay," said Selby, "stay, Henry, you are the first who ever called, Polydore, Earl of Belgrove, a villain! look at me."

"Polydore! my brother!"

"Lord———!"

"What

"What is all this? are we awake, Syb? Selby! Lord Belgrove!"

"Pardon my concealment, Lord Orient, but having once been deceived by a woman I loved, I resolved that my title should no more be the attraction to those who would forsake me for a higher title. I love your sister Sybella, and as a plain cottager, I have had the felicity to inspire a mutual affection, which, I hope, now will be sanctioned by your Lordship's approbation. I perceived that my amiable sister thought me too reserved, especially since I had happily obtained the consent of my adored Sybella to hope she would be mine at a future period. Since you,

my

my Lord, and Miss Woodland left us, I anticipated what Lady Winfort must have known on my brother's arrival; and she, delighted to hear that I was the brother of her Henry, had just given me, as a reward for my confidence, some charming proofs of my Sybella's love for her cottager, when Henry came, and overhearing my expressions of rapture addressed to his Amelia, took me for a successful rival, and by the agony he felt, has proved the strength of his affection to the wife whom he thought false."

"And can my Amelia forgive her impetuous Henry for such an unjust suspicion?"

"Most

"Most sincerely, my beloved Henry, for have you not heard hints against my character from the Duchess of Castlenorth?"

"You shall hear my adventures presently, my love; but I want to know how long my brother has been in England."

"My story is soon told;—your letters, Henry, made me more than half in love with the lively Sybella before I saw her, and the moment you informed me that honor called you abroad, I set out for England and arrived here soon after you quitted it. I made myself known only to my steward and banker, and enjoined them to keep my arrival a secret.

secret. I purchased Woodbine Cottage to be near Beacon Priory, and was studying how to introduce myself to the sisters, when a hail storm and Miss Woodland's horse accomplished my wishes, and brought us together in a manner favorable to me, and a sociability ensued which has been the delight of my life. I loved your choice, and adored my own; I felt myself far happier as Selby the humble cottager than ever I had been as the Earl of Belgrove. My long absence from England rendered it impossible for the younger part of the fashionable world to recollect me; I purposely avoided Lady Orient's public breakfast, as many would have known me; at the masquerade, I was secure in my

my cowl and my mask, and I retired early, that I might not appear remarkable, by not taking it off. And may I now, Lord Orient, may I hope to receive your sister from your hand a willing gift?"

"I will make no apology to you, my Lord, who know the world, for my ambitious views for Syb; you, perhaps, as brother, would have the same; but I will assure you that I have frequently wished that you were a titled man, for there wanted only that to render you in every respect worthy of my sister; take her, my Lord, she will make you happy;—I declare, there is my Orinda, and the whole Weymouth party returned

ed to partake our happiness; they have followed you closely, Lord Winfort."

Lady Orient was eager to be present at the meeting of Lord and Lady Winfort; but with all her expedition, she was too late: she met them arm-in-arm, and looked as if she would penetrate their hearts: her curiosity made her forget common civility, for she did not speak.

The Duchess said:

"If my eyes do not deceive me, surely that must be Lord Belgrove!"

"Why, mother, you are looking at Mr. Selby!

"Her Grace is right; Selby and Belgrove are the same."

"What! brother to Lord Winfort?"

"Yes, Orinda; and who will soon be brother to Lord Orient, by marrying our sister Syb."

"Mysteries thicken, Lady Orient!" said Elfinwood. "To whom does the the child belong? That should be known."

"And so it shall, my dear Duke, before I leave the garden. Pray, Lady Winfort, whose child is nursed at Fairy Farm: it is said to be extremely like the Woodland family."

"Who-

" Whoever told of that child, Orinda, might have also informed you whose it is. Poor fellow, his mother is dead! her grave is marked by a cypress and a weeping willow: you shall have the particulars of her story another time. You demand publicly whose child is nursed at Fairy Farm:—he is mine, Orinda! my only son!"

" Yours, Orient? yours?"

" Yes, Lady Orient, mine!"

" I will be divorced! I will go back to Weymouth this minute!"

" My dear Orinda, you shall hear the

whole story, and you will be convinced that you have no reason to be dissatisfied with my conduct; my sisters and Lord Belgrove will——"

"I care not, my Lord, for the child or his story: you deceived me, you deceived my mother; I hate you, and will never live with you! I will be divorced!"

"You cannot, Orinda; you talk like a child! Hear the particulars, and you will not blame me."

"I will join you in half-an-hour; let me recover my spirits.——I congratulate you, Lady Winfort; and am sorry that there has been any misunderstanding in regard

regard to the child; had my Lord been sincere, it could not have happened. My dear Duke, give me your arm."

Much was explained to the Duke and Duchess of Castlenorth, who were perfectly satisfied with Lord Orient, and promised to reconcile Orinda, whose behaviour, they assured him, was a proof of her regard.

When she came in from her walk, she patiently heard the history of little Osborne, but frequently appeared absent, and was perfectly indifferent to the most pathetic circumstances.

After the recital she apparently recovered her cheerfulness, and proposed

concluding the night with music; and as Amelia and Sybella, with their Lords, were perfectly happy, the night passed away very pleasantly.

CHAP. IX.

THE CONCLUSION.

LATE the next day, when the Duchess saw Lord Orient, she said:

"I hope my daughter is not indisposed this morning? she has not paid her respects to me yet."

"Did she not sleep with your Grace last night?"

"With me, Orient? you amaze me! She came with me to my chamber, but did not stay above ten minutes, and appeared quite reconciled: had you any dispute afterwards?"

"I have not seen her since; and thought your Grace to blame for encouraging her to behave with such indifference."

"Madame Lamenteuse can inform us. Perhaps she slept with Miss Woodland."

Lord Orient, who had been talking to Sybella, assured the Duchess she had not. Lamenteuse was sent for; she was not in the house, nor had she been

in

in bed that night. Vandash came into the room, and said:

"What the devil is become of Elfinwood? I wanted to speak with him, and my man tells me, that neither he nor his valet have been in bed."

Without speaking Lord Orient left the room; and, upon searching Lady Orient's dressing room, he found her cabinets unlocked, and all her jewels were missing. No doubt now remained of her having eloped with the Duke; and Vandash said, that although he was not in their confidence, he firmly believed the plan was laid at Weymouth; and that her Ladyship's excessive eager-

ness to return, was merely to fetch her valuables.

The Duke and Duchess of Castlenorth were extremely shocked at their daughter's disgraceful conduct; for though they indulged her too much in what they called youthful follies, they had a high sense of honor.

Lord Orient and his sisters were more vexed than surprised at her taking a step which her imprudence had given them too much cause to expect. The Duke set out one way with Lord Winfort, and the Lords Orient and Belgrove another, in pursuit of the fugitives. Sir John Vandash, who was strongly

strongly supposed to be in the secret, declined joining in the pursuit, but took his leave, and set out for London.

Lady Winfort and Sybella did every thing in their power to console the Duchess, who was deeply afflicted, and frequently reflected on herself for wishing to see her beautiful Orinda an admired and fashionable woman, rather than an affectionate wife.

After an absence of three days, Lord Orient and the Earl of Belgrove returned unsuccessful in their pursuit, and greatly fatigued; they went one way and came back another, making the strictest inquiries, but could not learn that any

party like that described, had travelled through either.

The next evening the Earl of Winfort arrived alone, with an expression in his countenance that indicated afflicting news. The Duchess immediately conjectured that some accident had happened to the Duke of Castlenorth, but his Lordship assured her that he had left his Grace and their son, the Marquis of Glenfinlas, at a small village in Warwickshire, with Lady Orient; and that the Duke requested that she would accompany him to Scotland, and set out the next morning early in their travelling carriage to join him in Warwickshire.

"I shall

"I shall certainly do what he requests. Where did you find my daughter? I am very anxious to hear the particulars: your tidings, my Lord, concern us all," said the afflicted Duchess, who was not sorry to hide herself in Scotland until her daughter's elopement should be forgotten."

"We traced the fugitives to Warwick, but no farther, by which we imagined that they must have concealed themselves somewhere in that country. We made inquiries in all the towns and villages; and had arrived at a small village at the extremity of the country, when we perceived a crowd gathering around a solitary public house, for it scarcely

scarcely deserves the name of an inn. We learned from the people that something terrible had happened in the house; but they were afraid of going in, lest they should get in law about it. As we had no such fears, we entered; not a creature appeared below, but we heard a bustle up stairs, and distinguished Lady Orient's voice; she said: 'Cruel Glenfinlas! inhuman brother!' I flew up, and entered a bed-chamber, the door of which was standing open, and beheld the Marquis and Lady Orient, both apparently greatly agitated. Several persons were in the room; and at the feet of Lady Orient lay the Duke of Elfinwood———"

"Wounded,

" Wounded, no doubt, by my spirited boy, for dishonoring his sister! Noble Glenfinlas!"

" The Duke was dead!"

" Thank Heaven! my son honors the race from whom he sprung; a race, who were never injured without avenging themselves. Glenfinlas would not let him live to boast his triumph over Orinda Benmore——over your wife, Lord Orient!"

" Such were the sentiments the Duke of Castlenorth expressed; he embraced his son, and called him the avenger of his noble family, whom that libertine had dared to dishonor. The moment

Lady

Lady Orient beheld his Grace, she screamed in an agony of terror, 'My father! my father! oh! hide me, hide me from my father!' She threw herself down by the corpse, gazed on it wildly for a moment, then starting up with a horror in her face, which I never shall forget, she cried, 'He is dead! he is dead! and I am disgraced for ever!' convulsive sobs heaved her bosom, but not a tear came to her aid."

He paused;—Lord Orient got up and walked about the room in great agitation; his sisters wept; Lord Belgrove was much affected; they were shocked at the sudden fate of Elfinwood, to which they knew he had been impelled by Orinda's indiscretion. The Duchess seemed

seemed to feel a struggle between maternal anger and affection, hastily wiping her eyes, she said—

"I am glad she has a sense of the shame she has brought upon herself, by eloping so ridiculously and disgracing us all. The fatal news will reach Benmore Castle before we do."

"It is the Duke's intention to go immediately to Glenfinlas Castle, which is more remote, and to reside with Lady Diana Benmore till after Christmas, if agreeable to your Grace, and then leave Lady Orient under the care of that vigilant old Lady."

"I like his plan; it is the best for us

all; and Lady Di will be very happy to have us there; and so well understands the rules of politeness and hospitality, that she will not teaze us concerning the motive of our visit. Lord Orient, Orinda is your wife, and bears your title, although, to our misfortune, unworthy of it; do you consent to this measure?—are you satisfied?"

"As, unfortunately, my honor forbids me taking Orinda to live with me again as my wife, I am perfectly satisfied that she should be under the protection of her parents, who, I hope, will not treat her with too much severity; perhaps she will be more circumspect in future. I will not deprive her of my title, unless, by a continuance of imprudent

prudent conduct, she renders herself still more unworthy to possess it. I will not expose her conduct more publicly, by suing for a divorce now: had Elfinwood lived, I must have done so for my own honor. Tell her that I forgive her; but that I will never see her, nor, if possible, think of her any more. Amelia, I resign to you and your Lord, the chamber and dressing room you and Syb so kindly ornamented for your brother and his bride: you will do honor to those beautiful emblems of mutual love. I slept last night in the chamber Vandash occupied, and gave orders for the other to be prepared for you: it is ready."

"How

" How came Glenfinlas," asked the Duchess, " to find out his sister ?"

" The Marquis, who was on a visit in Warwickshire, as he was taking a morning ride, passed the inn, and beheld Madame Lamenteuse and the Duke's valet walking in a little garden by the side of the house. He alighted, and called to them ; but instead of answering, they ran into the house ; he entered by another door, saw them fly up the stairs, and followed them ; they continued to ascend, but he was stopped on the first landing place by hearing his sister say, ' Now, my dear Duke, I think we shall escape all pursuit, for who will seek us in this mean place ?'

The

The Marquis burst open the door of the chamber from whence the voice proceeded and exclaimed, 'Shameless Orinda! disgrace to your family! come with me this instant!' Overcome by the surprise, she fell back in her chair, and the Marquis was crossing the apartment to her, when the Duke caught up one of a brace of pistols which lay on the table, and cried, 'Glenfinlas, touch her at your peril! you shall take my life before you take Orinda from me.'— The Marquis took up the other pistol, and persisted in going to his sister; the Duke intercepted him, and fired; the ball passed under the arm of the Marquis, and grazed his coat: he immediately fired with a surer aim, and lodged the contents of the pistol in Elfinwood's heart.

heart. The report of the pistols roused Lady Orient, and she saw the Duke fall lifeless at her feet. Her father and I arrived to witness her rage against her brother, and the consternation of all who were in the house at the fatal event."

"Is my son a prisoner?"

"Only in the house of Sir Bernard Vere, whom he was visiting, and who happens to be Sheriff of the county. Lady Orient and the Duke are with the Marquis. The verdict of the jury was favorable, and there is not the least doubt of his being honorably acquitted."

"I have

"I have no fears concerning that: and how did you leave my daughter?"

"Absorbed in silent tearless melancholy. She was removed with difficulty from the room where Elfinwood lay, and called for her servant; but in the confusion, Madame Lamenteuse took herself away, from the anger of the Duke, no doubt: the loss of that woman seems a trouble to Lady Orient; she calls her frequently, and expresses uneasiness when informed that she is missing, and at being attended by strangers. His Grace told her that you were coming to take her to Glenfinlas; she said, 'Am I to be sent to Glenfinlas? Oh, no! that can never be!.... Yes.... I forget.... no matter, I care not *now* where

where I go!' The Duke has spoken to her several times since, but she would not answer him; and she invariably covers her face with one hand when the Marquis comes near, and keeps him away disdainfully with the other, but never speaks to him. The presence of your Grace, and the journey, may give a turn to her disorder, which wants the relief of tears."

"I shall have a sorrowful journey to-morrow. I dread to see my child—the child who was so lately my comfort and delight!"

"Permit me to have the honor of attending your Grace."

"You

" You are very kind, Lord Belgrove; I will accept your offer with gratitude."

The parting between the Duchess and Lord Orient was very melancholy.

When she was gone, his sisters and Lord Winfort did all in their power to sooth him, but they were not so successful as little Osborne. He had never ceased to take great delight in his fine one, as he still called him; and now he felt himself at liberty to have him at the Priory, and to visst him without restraint: the child was his chief amusement.

When Lord Belgrove returned, he told them that Lady Orient seemed glad

to see her mother; and asked if she was going to stay with her at Glenfinlas Castle, but did not evince the least pleasure when she received an answer in the affirmative.

Their conversation was agreeably interrupted by the arrival of Doctor Barton: and after the usual compliments were over, Lady Winfort told him of the packet, and fetched it immediately. She brought the drawer, gave the packet to the Doctor; and the drawer, containing the bank notes and coins, to Lord Orient, who looked them over, while the Doctor was opening the packet and reading the letter which it contained, besides the will of Sir Osborne Woodland; and as Orinda was

not

not there to be out of humour about it, Lord Orient was not in the least displeased to hear that he was to pay his sisters out of the estate twenty thousand pounds each.

The good Doctor was glad to find that his old friend had not died neglectful of such amiable daughters; and was truly rejoiced also to find in his favorite Selby, the brother of Colonel Howard, whom he loved as a son; and the Colonel himself so deservedly honored for his valiant conduct.

Lord Orient lent his elegant house in town to Lord Winfort, for occasional visits; for as he was resolved to pass

the winter at the Priory, he told his sisters that they must be with him as much as possible to enliven him; and declared that he would not give his merry Syb to the Earl of Belgrove, if he would not promise to stay at the Priory, to which the Earl readily agreed, and Sybella soon became his rich reward, for she was rich in every virtue and accomplishment which could insure nuptial felicty.

Lord Orient insited that the marriage of Sybella should be celebrated with splendor and festivity: but the amiable sisters, in their gayest and happiest moments, would give sighs and, not unfrequently, a tear of pity to Orinda, who might

might have been as blest as they were; but she had thrown happiness from her, and was pining away her youth and beauty in sorrow, hidden from the world, whose admiration she so highly prized; and doomed to be a sad and solitary wanderer, within the gloomy walls and dreary environs of Glenfinlas Castle. The thought was dreadful to their kind hearts, although she had wanted to banish them from society, and confine them to the same dismal solitude; and could their brother have taken her back with honor, they would have received her with the sincerest joy and affection once more to Beacon Priory, which, notwithstanding the summer was past, and the days grown short,

short, became more and more the favorite and elegant resort of fashion, brilliant wit, taste, good sense, and honor.

THE END.

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